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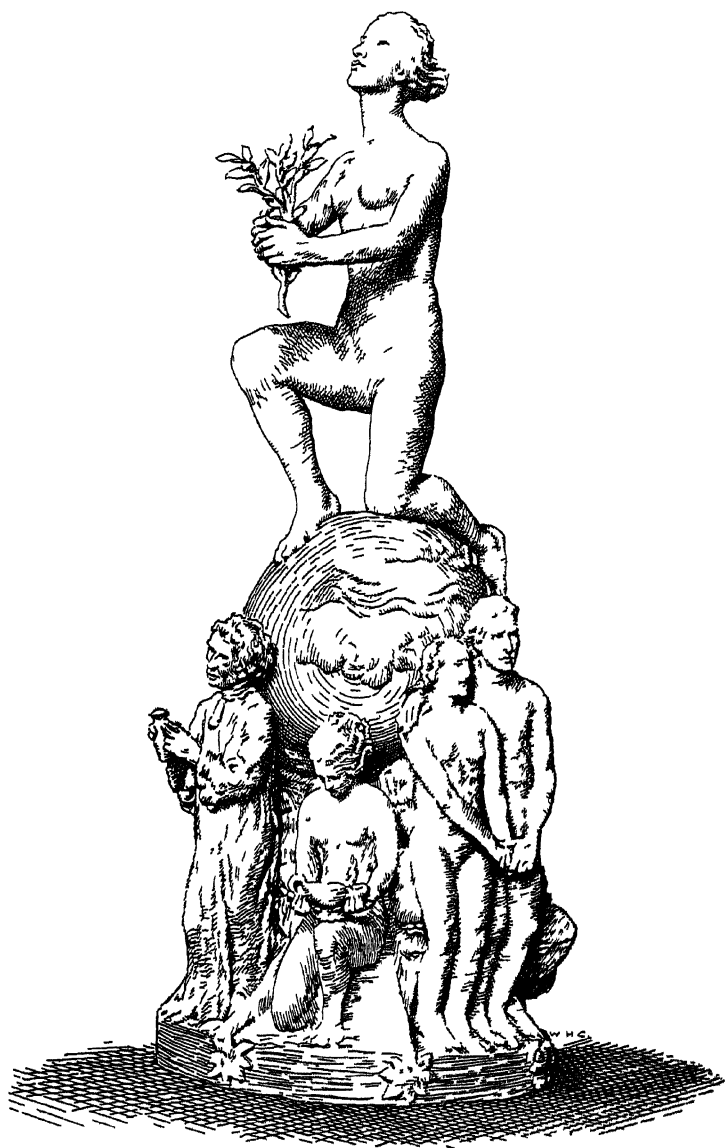
THE GOLDEN ROAD

THE SEVEN STARS OF PEACE

■

FRONTISPIECE DRAWN BY W. H. CAFFYN
AFTER THE DESIGN FOR A STATUE OF PEACE
BY MORRIS HARDING, R.H.A.

■



THE
SEVEN STARS OF PEACE

An Anthology for the Times

Selected and Arranged by
ARTHUR STANLEY

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TO
THE MEMORY OF
W. A. W.
killed in France
20th March 1918

'Thy love to me was wonderful'



There were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them; and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them: 'Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings' . . . And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying: 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.'

LUKE ii (A.V.)

All the armour of the armed man in the tumult and the garments rolled in blood shall be even for burning, for fuel of fire; for unto us a child is born . . . and his name shall be called Prince of Peace.

ISAIAH ix (R.V.)

FOREWORD

Now that the war-clouds are clearing away, we are looking forward to a time in which we can live in harmony, not only with our present friends and allies, but also with those who have been our enemies. Our fight for freedom and justice has not been for ourselves alone. It has been long and tremendous, involving destruction of life and property to an extent hitherto unknown and undreamt of; and all this will have been suffered in vain if Greed, Pride, Hate, and Fear are found among the survivors of the conflict. The situation which led to our great challenge was in itself an indication of some decay in western civilization. This illness of Europe will never be cured by guns. We shall need some new reviving force. The first-fruits of our victory, if it is to be a real victory, will be the birth of a new spirit in ourselves and others—the spirit of goodwill.

We all desire peace, but have we more than a vague notion of what we mean by that term? It is surely something more than a mere negation—the absence of war or the freedom from war. Let us take a nobler view and think of peace as a thing positive, active—not static but dynamic. The peace on earth declared by the angels was associated with goodwill, and goodwill always seeks to express itself in action. Spinoza calls peace a virtue born of strength of soul. Peace, then, must go forth from us. It will not drop upon us from the sky: it cannot be decreed by any agreement between nations or groups of nations. It will never be handed out to us by any government. In these days of mass thinking and mass action individual effort may seem of little account. Yet it is in the heart of the individual that true peace must find its birthplace and its home.

It is my hope that in the difficult days that lie ahead some

FOREWORD

help may be found in this little book. It has seemed worth while to suggest an atmosphere in which peace may be born and flourish; and with this object in view I have tried to find some help in 'that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books.' Walkers in darkness, we have need of light; and these *Seven Stars* can guide us in the right way. *Knowledge* will tell us where we are; and if some of my contributors differ from each other as to latitude and longitude, the reader will have the advantage of considering different aspects of truth. *Faith* will remind us that our journey has an object. The light of *Brotherhood* will show us all to be in the same boat, and we shall see whether we are all pulling in the same direction. It will show us that the other fellow's interest is as worthy of consideration as our own. In the light of *Joy* we may find the wine of life, and put aside our troubles. *Gentleness* may show us the greatest force where we least expected to find it. If we do not have *Liberty*, nothing else will seem worth while. Lastly, and above all, we shall need *Courage* to face the dangers in our path. In the light of these stars we may go a long way.

A. S.

1945.

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I. KNOWLEDGE

La paix, si jamais elle existe, ne reposera sur la crainte de la guerre mais sur l'amour de la paix; elle ne sera pas l'abstention d'un acte, elle sera l'avènement d'un état d'âme.

JULIEN BENDA

And when he was come near he beheld the city and wept over it, saying, 'If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! But now they are hid from thine eyes.'

LUKE XIX (A.V.)

The essence of knowledge is, having it, to apply it; not having it, to confess your ignorance.

CONFUCIUS

Unless either philosophers bear rule in states or those who are now called kings and potentates learn to philosophize justly and sufficiently, there will be no end to calamities.

PLATO

The Wages of Sin

[The Persian host, led by Xerxes to the invasion of Greece, has been defeated on land and sea. News of these disasters has reached Susa, Xerxes' capital; and the Persian Elders, seeking a remedy for their country's woes, summon Xerxes' father, King Darius, from the underworld, while his mother, Atossa, makes the customary offerings to appease the dead. The ghost of Darius appears.]

Darius

O ye among the true supreme in truth,
Elders of Persia, comrades of my youth,
What ails my land? Why groans she thus forlorn,
Her brow sore bruised and her body torn? . . .

Atossa

O thou exalted on a throne more than the thrones of mortal
man,
In life all Persia held thee blest, a sunlit life of happy breath,
And now, to have died ere eyes have seen our fall, I hold thee
blest in death.
Darius, but a little time sufficeth to make all things known.
Let the dread word be spoken. All our power is wrecked
and overthrown. . . .

Darius

I see all; 'tis the end foretold. How swift the oracle hath
sped!
The word of Zeus, I knew, must be fulfilled; and lo, on
Xerxes' head
It falleth. I had looked for this not until many years were
gone,

KNOWLEDGE

But when man hasteth of himself toward sorrow, God will
help him on.

Here is a spring of evils burst on us and ours, which all might
know

Save him who, understanding not, in his hot youth, hath
made it flow. . .

Leader of Chorus

How? Is not all the host of Barbary
Returned to Asia safe o'er Hellè's strait?

Darius

Few out of many, if God's word of fate
We trust, as knowing sure from days gone by
It falleth not here true and there a lie;
Which thus foretells: By empty hopes made blind
Xerxes a chosen army leaves behind
Where old Asopus, with his rills like rain,
Boeotia's treasure, waters the wide plain.
There doth the crown of suffering yet await
Those godless, those of pride infatuate,
Who made of Greece their prey, nor held it shame
To rob her gods and give her shrines to flame. . .
Pride in her power makes full the barren ears
Of Atè, and no harvest hath but tears.
Ye, therefore, having seen these deeds this way
To judgment brought, remember Athens! Yea,
Remember Hellas! Nor let any man,
Scorning the lot wherewith his life began,
For lust of what he hath not, wreck his bliss.
Zeus sitteth Judge above us. His it is
To check the uncurbèd dreams of man, and weight
Is in his arm to bend the crooked straight.

Therefore do ye, being warned of God to move

THE WAGES OF SIN

In wisdom's way, advise my son, and prove
With grave admonishment, that he may still
The voice of pride, nor war against God's will.

AESCHYLUS. *The Persians*
(trans. G. Murray)

Modern Troubles in the Ancient World (B.C. 427)

The whole Hellenic world was convulsed; struggles being everywhere made by the popular chiefs to bring in the Athenians, and by the oligarchs to introduce the Lacedaemonians. In peace there would have been neither the pretext nor the wish to make such an invitation; but in war, with an alliance always at the command of either faction for the hurt of their adversaries and their own corresponding advantage, opportunities for bringing in the foreigner were never wanting to the revolutionary parties. The sufferings which revolution entailed upon the cities were many and terrible, such as have occurred and always will occur, as long as the nature of mankind remains the same; though in a severer or milder form, and varying in their symptoms, according to the variety of the particular cases. In peace and prosperity states and individuals have better sentiments, because they do not find themselves suddenly confronted with imperious necessities; but war takes away the easy supply of daily wants, and so proves a rough master that brings most men's characters to a level with their fortunes. Revolution thus ran its course from city to city. . . . Frantic violence became the attribute of manliness; cautious plotting a justifiable means of self-defence. The advocate of extreme measures was always trustworthy; his opponent a man to be suspected. To succeed in a plot was to have a shrewd head, to divine a plot a still shrewder; but to try

to provide against having to do either was to break up your party and to be afraid of your adversaries. In fine, to forestall an intending criminal, or to suggest the idea of a crime where it was wanting, was equally commended, until even blood became a weaker tie than party, from the superior readiness of those united by the latter to dare everything without reserve; for such associations had not in view the blessings derivable from established institutions but were formed by ambition for their overthrow; and the confidence of their members in each other rested less on any religious sanction than upon complicity in crime. The fair proposals of an adversary were met with jealous precautions by the stronger of the two, and not with a generous confidence. Revenge also was held of more account than self-preservation. Oaths of reconciliation, being only proffered on either side to meet an immediate difficulty, only held good so long as no other weapon was at hand; but when an opportunity offered, he who first ventured to seize it and take his enemy off his guard, thought this perfidious vengeance sweeter than an open one, since, considerations of safety apart, success by treachery won him the palm of superior intelligence. Indeed it is generally the case that men are readier to call rogues clever than simpletons honest, and are as ashamed of being the second as they are proud of being the first.

The cause of all these evils was the love of power arising from greed and ambition; and from these passions proceeded the violence of parties once engaged in contention. . . . Thus every form of iniquity took root in the Hellenic countries by reason of the troubles. The simplicity which enters so largely into a noble nature was laughed down and disappeared; and society became divided into camps in which no man trusted his fellow.

THUCYDIDES. *Peloponnesian War*
(trans. R. Crawley, revised)

Soundmindedness

[An example of dialectic, the art of testing truth by discussion. Socrates is speaking. His subject is the virtue whose various aspects we may approach in English with the words 'temperance,' 'moderation,' 'discretion,' or 'good sense.']

Only the temperate person will know himself, and be able to discern what he really knows and does not know, and have the power of judging what other people likewise know and think they know in cases where they do know, and again, what they think they know, without knowing it; every one else will be unable. And so this is being temperate, or temperance, and knowing oneself—that one should know what one knows and what one does not know. . . . If, as we began by assuming, the temperate man knew what he knew and what he did not know, and that he knows the one and does not know the other, and if he were able to observe this same condition in another man, it would be vastly to our benefit, we agree, to be temperate; since we should pass all our lives, both we who had temperance and all the rest who were governed by us, without error. For neither should we ourselves attempt to do what we did not know, instead of finding out those who knew and placing the matter in their hands, nor should we permit others under our governance to do anything but what they were likely to do aright; and they would do that when they had knowledge of it; and so it would be that a house which was ordered, or a state which was administered, as temperance bade, and everything else that was ruled by temperance, could not but be well ordered; for with error abolished, and rightness leading, in their every action men would be bound to do honourably and well under such conditions, and those who did well would be happy. Did we not speak of temperance, I said, Critias, when we remarked how great a boon it was to know what one knows and what one does not know?

To be sure we did, he replied. . . .

KNOWLEDGE

Thus equipped, the human race would indeed act and live according to knowledge, I grant you (for temperance, on the watch, would not suffer ignorance to foist herself in and take a hand in our labours), but that by acting according to knowledge we should do well and be happy—this is a point which as yet we are unable to make out, my dear Critias.

But still, he replied, you will have some difficulty in finding any other fulfilment of welfare if you reject the rule of knowledge.

Then inform me further, I said, on one more little matter. Of what is this knowledge? Do you mean of shoe-making?

Good heavens, not I.

Well, of working in brass?

By no means.

Well, in wool, or in wood, or in something else of that sort?

No, indeed.

Then we no longer hold, I said, to the statement that he who lives according to knowledge is happy; for these workers, though they live according to knowledge, are not acknowledged by you to be happy: you rather delimit the happy man, it seems to me, as one who lives according to knowledge *about certain things*. And I dare say you are referring to my instance of a moment ago, the man who knows all that is to come, the prophet. Do you refer to him or to someone else?

Yes, I refer to him, he said, and someone else too.

Whom? I asked. Is it the sort of person who might know, besides what is to be, both everything that has been and now is, and might be ignorant of nothing? Let us suppose such a man exists: you are not going to tell me, I am sure, of any one alive who is yet more knowing than he.

No, indeed.

Then there is still one more thing I would fain know: which of the sciences is it that makes him happy? Or does he owe it to all of them alike?

By no means to all alike, he replied.

But to which sort most? One that gives him knowledge of what thing, present, past, or future? Is it that by which he knows draught-playing?

Draught-playing indeed! he replied.

Well, reckoning?

By no means.

Well, health?

More likely, he said.

And that science to which I refer as the most likely, I went on, gives him knowledge of what?

Of good, he replied, and of evil.

Vile creature! I said, you have all this time been dragging me round and round, while concealing the fact that the life according to knowledge does not make us do well and be happy, not even if it be knowledge of all the other knowledges together, but only if it is of this single one concerning good and evil.

PLATO. *Charmides*

(trans. W. R. M. Lamb—Loeb Classical Library)

Plato's Message

To us, Plato's words are an appeal to become, each and all of us, in our own sphere, lovers of wisdom according to the measure of our ability. If we would amend the world around us—and it is in sore need of amendment—our first duty is to eschew falsehood and to follow truth in our own lives, in our thoughts and actions. Revolutions spring not from without inwards but from within outwards; and it is often when the external world seems most sick and sorrowful, when selfishness and irresponsibility sit enthroned in the world's seats of government, that the power of truth is most active in the silent region

of the soul, strengthening it in order that it may issue forth once again to impress man's unconquerable purpose of order, justice, and freedom upon the recalcitrant material which forms the stuff of men's common problems on this small globe of ours.

A. E. ZIMMERN. *The Legacy of Greece.*

Wisdom of Mencius (Fourth Century, B.C.)

1. *Trees of the New Mountain*

The trees of the New Mountain were once beautiful. Being situated, however, in the borders of a large state, they were hewn down with axes and bills—and could they retain their beauty? Still through the activity of the vegetable life day and night, and the nourishing influence of the rain and dew, they were not without buds and sprouts springing forth; but then came the cattle and goats and browsed upon them. To these things is owing the bare and stript appearance of the Mountain, which when people see, they think it was never finely wooded. But is this the nature of the Mountain? And so also of what properly belongs to man—shall it be said that the mind of any man was without benevolence and righteousness? The way in which a man loses his proper goodness of mind is like the way in which the trees are denuded by axes and bills. Hewn down day after day, can it—the mind—retain its beauty? But there is a development of its life day and night; and in the calm air of the morning, just between night and day, the mind feels in a degree those desires and aversions which are proper to humanity. But the feeling is not strong, and it is fettered and destroyed by what takes place during the day. This fettering taking place again and again, the restorative of the night is not sufficient to preserve the proper goodness of the mind; and when this proves insufficient for that purpose the nature becomes not much

different from that of the irrational animals, which, when people see, they think that it never had those powers which I assert. But does this condition represent the feelings proper to humanity?

If it receive its proper nourishment, there is nothing which will not grow. If it lose its proper nourishment, there is nothing which will not decay away. Confucius said: 'Hold it fast, and it remains with you. Let it go, and you lose it. Its outgoing and incoming cannot be defined as to time or place.' It is the mind of which this is said.

2. *Fish and Bears' Paws*

I like fish and I also like bears' paws. If I cannot have the two together, I will let the fish go, and take the bears' paws. So, I like life, and I like also righteousness. If I cannot keep the two together, I will let life go and choose righteousness. I like life indeed, but there is that which I like more than life; and therefore I will not seek to possess it by any improper ways. I dislike death indeed; but there is that which I dislike more than death, and therefore there are occasions when I will not avoid danger.

If among the things which man likes there were nothing which he liked more than life, why should he not use every means by which he could preserve it? If among the things which man dislikes there were nothing which he disliked more than death, why should he not do everything by which he could avoid danger? There are cases when men by a certain course might preserve life, and they do not employ it—when by certain things they might avoid danger, and they will not do them. Therefore, men have that which they like more than life, and that which they dislike more than death. They are not men of distinguished talents and virtue only who have this mental nature. All men have it.

Works, Book vi
(trans. James Legge)

The Highest Good (Third Century B.C.)

The highest good is like that of water. The goodness of water is that it benefits the ten thousand creatures; yet itself does not scramble, but is content with the places that all men disdain. It is this that makes water so near to the Way. And if men think the ground the best place for building a house upon,
If among thoughts they value those that are profound,
If in friendship they value gentleness,
In words, truth; in government, good order;
In deeds, effectiveness; in actions, timeliness—
In each case it is because they prefer what does not lead to strife,
And therefore does not go amiss.

From *Tao Tê Ching*
(trans. A. Waley)

The Self

The wise who, by means of meditation on his Self, recognizes the Ancient, who is difficult to be seen, who has entered into the dark, who is hidden in the cave, who dwells in the abyss, as God, he indeed leaves joy and sorrow far behind.

A mortal who has heard this and embraced it, who has separated from it all qualities, and has thus reached the subtle Being, rejoices, because he has obtained what is a cause for rejoicing. The house of Brahman is open.

From *The Upanishads*
(trans. F. Max Müller)

Thus spake Krishna

The self-restrained man who moves among objects with senses under the control of his own self and free from affection and aversion, obtains tranquillity. Where there is tranquillity all his miseries are destroyed, for the mind of him whose heart is tranquil soon becomes steady. He who is not self-restrained has no steadiness of mind; nor has he who is not self-restrained perseverance in the pursuit of self-knowledge. There is no tranquillity for him who does not persevere in the pursuit of self-knowledge; and whence can there be happiness for one who is not tranquil? For the heart which follows the rambling senses leads away his judgment, as the wind leads a boat astray upon the waters. Therefore his mind is steady whose senses are restrained on all sides from all objects of sense. The self-restrained man is awake, when it is night for all beings; and when all beings are awake, that is the night of the right-seeing sage. He into whom all objects of desire enter, as waters enter the ocean, which, though replenished, still keeps its position unmoved—he only obtains tranquillity, not he who desires those objects of desire. The man who, casting off all desires, lives free from attachments, who is free from egoism, and from the feeling that this or that is mine, obtains tranquillity. This is the Brahmic state. Attaining to this, one is never deluded; and remaining in it in one's last moments, one attains *brahma-nirvāṇa*, the Brahmic bliss.

Bhagavadgītā

(trans. K. T. Telang—*Sacred Books of the East*)

What Solomon Said

I called upon God, and the spirit of Wisdom came to me. I preferred her before sceptres and thrones, and esteemed riches nothing in comparison of her. Neither compared I unto her any precious stone, because all gold in respect of her is as a little sand, and silver shall be counted as clay before her. I loved her above health and beauty, and chose to have her instead of light; for the light that cometh from her never goeth out. All good things together came to me with her, and innumerable riches in her hands. And I rejoiced in them all, because Wisdom goeth before them. . .

All such things as are either secret or manifest, them I know. For Wisdom, which is the worker of all things, taught me. For in her is an understanding spirit, holy, one only, manifold, subtil, lively, clear, undefiled, plain, not subject to hurt, loving the thing that is good, quick, which cannot be letted, ready to do good, kind to man, steadfast, sure, free from care, having all power, overseeing all things, and going through all understanding, pure, and most subtil spirits. For Wisdom is more moving than any motion: she passeth and goeth through all things by reason of her pureness. For she is the breath of the power of God, and a pure influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty: therefore can no defiled thing fall into her. For she is the brightness of the everlasting light, the unspotted mirror of the power of God, and the image of his goodness. And being but one, she can do all things; and remaining in herself, she maketh all things new. And in all ages entering into holy souls she maketh them friends of God. . .

She is more beautiful than the sun, and above all the order of stars: being compared with the light, she is found before it. For after this cometh night: but vice shall not prevail against Wisdom. Wisdom reacheth from one end to another mightily, and sweetly doth she order all things.

The Wisdom of Solomon, vii-viii

Madness of Men

We are mad, not only individuals, but nations also. We restrain manslaughter and isolated murders; but what of war and the so-called glory of killing whole peoples? Our greed has no limit, nor our cruelty. When crimes are committed stealthily by individuals they are less harmful and less monstrous; but deeds of cruelty are done every day by command of senate and popular assembly, and servants of the state are ordered to do what is forbidden to the private citizen. The same deeds which would be punished by death if committed in secret are applauded when done openly by soldiers in uniform. Man, the gentlest of animals, is not ashamed to glory in blood-shedding and to wage war when even beasts are living in peace together. Philosophy, faced with this widespread madness, has had to make great efforts, and has acquired more strength as the strength of these opposing forces has increased. . .

In this moral perversity some powerful remedy is needed if we are to get rid of such chronic evils. To root out these wrong ideas conduct must be regulated by doctrines. And to these we must add precept, counsel, and consolation; for doctrines alone will not avail. And men will not be freed from the bondage of these errors until they know what is evil and what is good. They must learn that virtue alone never changes its name—that everything else may be good to-day and bad to-morrow.

SENECA. *Epistles*, xciv
(trans. A. S.)

The Sum of All

From some high place as it were to look down and to behold here flocks and there sacrifices without number, and all kind of navigation, some in a rough and stormy sea and some in a calm; the general differences or different estates of things, some that are now first upon being; the several and mutual relations of those things that are together and some other things that are at their last; their lives also who were long ago and theirs who shall be hereafter and the present estate of those many nations of Barbarians that are now in the world thou must likewise consider in thy mind; and how many there be who never as much as heard of thy name; how many that will forget it; how many who but even now did commend thee within a very little while will perchance speak ill of thee; so that neither fame nor honour nor anything else that this world doth afford is worth the while. The sum, then, of all: Whatsoever doth happen unto thee, whereof God is the cause, to accept it contentedly; whatsoever thou doest, whereof thou thyself art the cause, to do it justly—which will be, if both in thy resolution and in thy action thou have no further end than to do good unto others, as being that which by thy natural constitution as a man thou art bound unto.

MARCUS AURELIUS. *The Golden Book*
(trans. Meric Casaubon)

The Pedants

We take other men's knowledge and opinions upon trust, and that's all; whereas we should make them our own. We are in this very like him, who, having need of fire, went to a neighbour's house to fetch it; and, finding a very good one there, sat down to warm himself without remembering to

carry any with him home. What good does it do us to have the stomach full of meat if it does not digest and be incorporated with us, if it does not nourish and support us?

Dionysius laughed at the grammarians, who cudgel their brains to inquire into the miseries of Ulysses and are ignorant of their own; at musicians, who were so exact in tuning their instruments and never tune their manners; and at orators, who study to declare what was justice, but never take care to do it. If the mind be not better disposed, if the judgment be no better settled, I had much rather my scholar had spent his time at tennis, for at least his body would by that means be in better exercise and breath. Do but observe him when he comes back from school after fifteen or sixteen years that he has been there. There is nothing so awkward and maladroit, so unfit for company or employment; and all that you shall find he has got is that his Latin and Greek have only made him a greater and more conceited blockhead than when he went from home. He should bring back his mind full, he only brings it back stuffed; it has only swollen, not grown.

Whoever shall narrowly pry into and thoroughly sift this sort of people wherewith the world is so pestered will, as I have done, find that for the most part they neither understand others nor themselves, and that their memories are full enough, 'tis true, but the judgment totally void and empty.

We are not to tie learning to the soul, but to work and incorporate them together; not to sprinkle it therewith only, but to dye it; and if it will not colour it and meliorate its imperfect state, it were without doubt much better to let it alone.

MONTAIGNE. *Essays*

(trans. C. Cotton—revised and abridged)

Use and Power of Learning

Men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge; sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite; sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight; sometimes for ornament and reputation; and sometimes to enable them to victory of wit and contradiction; and most times for lucre and profession; and seldom sincerely to give a true account of their gift of reason, to the benefit and use of men: as if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort or commanding ground for strife and contention; or a shop for profit or sale; and not a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate. But this is that which will indeed dignify and exalt knowledge, if contemplation and action may be more nearly and straitly conjoined and united together than they have been. . . The end ought to be to separate and reject vain speculations, and whatsoever is empty and void, and to preserve and augment whatsoever is solid and fruitful: that knowledge may not be as a courtesan, for pleasure and vanity only, or as a bond-woman, to acquire and gain to her master's use; but as a spouse, for generation, fruit, and comfort. . .

The commandment of knowledge is yet higher than the commandment over the will; for it is a commandment over the reason, belief, and understanding of man, which is the highest part of the mind, and giveth law to the will itself. For there is no power on earth which setteth up a throne or chair of estate in the spirits and souls of men, and in their cogitations, imaginations, opinions and beliefs, but knowledge and learning. . . We see how far the monuments of wit and learning are more durable than the monuments of power or of the

hands. For have not the verses of Homer continued twenty-five hundred years, or more, without the loss of a syllable or letter; during which time infinite palaces, temples, castles, cities, have been decayed and demolished? It is not possible to have the true pictures or statues of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, no nor of the kings or great personages of much later years; for the originals cannot last, and the copies cannot but leese ¹ of the life and truth. But the images of men's wits and knowledges remain in books, exempted from the wrong of time and capable of perpetual renovation. Neither are they fit to be called images, because they generate still, and cast their seeds in the minds of others, provoking and causing infinite actions and opinions in succeeding ages. So that if the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which as ships pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant to participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other? Nay, further, we see some of the philosophers which were least divine, and most immersed in the senses, and denied generally the immortality of the soul, yet came to this point, that whatsoever motions the spirit of man could act and perform without the organs of the body, they thought might remain after death; which were only those of the understanding, and not of the affection; so immortal and incorruptible a thing did knowledge seem to them to be.

FRANCIS BACON. *The Advancement of Learning*

¹ lose.

Free Studies

Let thy studies be free as thy thoughts and contemplations; but fly not only upon the wings of imagination. Join sense unto reason and experience unto speculation, and so give life unto embrion truths and verities yet in their chaos. There is nothing more acceptable unto the ingenious world than this noble elutation ¹ of truth; wherein, against the tenacity of prejudice and prescription, this century now prevaieth. What libraries of new volumes after times will behold, and in what a new world of knowledge the eyes of our posterity may be happy, a few ages may joyfully declare; and it is but a cold thought unto those who cannot hope to behold this exantlation ² of truth, or that obscured virgin half out of the pit. . .

The world, which took but six days to make, is like to take six thousand to make out. Meanwhile, old truths voted down begin to resume their places, and new ones arise upon us; wherein there is no comfort in the happiness of Tully's Elysium,³ or any satisfaction from the ghosts of the ancients, who knew so little of what is now well known. Men disparage not antiquity who prudently exalt new inquiries, and make them the judges of truth who were but fellow-inquirers of it. Who can but magnify the endeavours of Aristotle and the noble start which learning had under him, or less than pity the slender progression made upon such advantages, while many centuries were lost in repetitions and transcriptions sealing up the Book of Knowledge? And therefore rather than to swell the leaves of learning by fruitless repetitions, to sing the same song in all ages, nor adventure at essays beyond the attempt of others, many would be content that some would

¹ struggling out.

² drawing out (as from a well).

³ 'who comforted himself that he should there converse with the old philosophers.'—*Author's note.*

write like Helmont or Paracelsus¹; and be willing to endure the monstrosity of some opinions for divers singular notions requiring such aberrations.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Christian Morals*

Good and Evil

It was from out the rind of one apple tasted, that the knowledge of good and evil as two twins cleaving together leapt forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say of knowing good by evil. As therefore the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear, without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat.

MILTON. *Areopagitica*

A Substitute for War

With men, the state of nature is not a state of peace, but of war; though not of open war, at least, ever ready to break out. A state of peace must therefore be established; for, in order to be sheltered against every act of hostility, it is not sufficient that none is committed; one neighbour must guarantee to another his personal security, which cannot take place except

¹ 'wild and enthusiastic authors of romantic chemistry.'—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

in a state of legislation; without which one may treat another as an enemy, after having in vain demanded this protection.

However, the field of battle is the only tribunal before which states plead their cause; but victory, by gaining the suit, does not decide in favour of their cause. Though the treaty of peace puts an end to the present war, it does not abolish a state of war (a state where continually new pretences for war are found); which one cannot affirm to be unjust, since, being their own judges, they have no other means of terminating their differences. The law of nations cannot even force them as the law of nature obliges individuals to get free from this state of war, since having already a legal constitution, as states, they are secure against every foreign compulsion which might tend to establish among them a more extended constitutional order.

Since, however, from her highest tribunal of moral legislation, reason without exception condemns war as a mean of right, and makes a state of peace an absolute duty; and since this peace cannot be effected or be guaranteed without a compact among nations, they must form an alliance of a peculiar kind, which might be called a pacific alliance different from a treaty of peace inasmuch as it would for ever terminate all wars, whereas the latter only finishes one. This alliance does not tend to any dominion over a state, but solely to the certain maintenance of the liberty of each particular state partaking of this association, without being therefore obliged to submit, like men in a state of nature, to the legal constraint of public force. It can be proved that the idea of a federation, which should insensibly extend to all states and thus lead them to a perpetual peace, may be realized. For if fortune should so direct that a people as powerful as enlightened should constitute itself into a republic (a government which in its nature inclines to a perpetual peace), from that time there would be a centre for this federative association; other states might adhere thereto in order to guarantee their liberty according

to the principles of public right, and this alliance might insensibly be extended.

That a people should say, 'There shall not be war among us: we will form ourselves into a state' (that is to say, 'we will ourselves establish a legislative, executive, and judiciary power to decide our differences'), can be conceived. But if this state should say, 'There shall not be war between us and other states, although we do not acknowledge a supreme power that guarantees our reciprocal rights'—upon what then can this confidence in one's rights be founded except upon this free federation, this supplement of the social compact, which reason necessarily associates with the idea of public right?

This expression of public right, taken in a sense of right of war, presents properly no idea to the mind; since thereby is understood a power of deciding right, not according to universal laws which restrain within the same limits all individuals, but according to partial maxims, namely by force. Except one would wish to insinuate by this expression that it is right that men who admit such principles should destroy each other and thus find perpetual peace only in the vast grave that swallows them and their iniquities.

The sentence somewhat free but true, *fiat justitia, pereat mundus* (i.e. let justice reign, should all the rascals of the universe perish), this sentence, which has become a proverb, is an energetic principle of right and courageously cuts asunder the whole tissue of artifice or of force. But it is necessary that it be well understood. It does not authorize one to enforce his rights with all possible rigour. Morality opposes this. It only enjoins the powerful neither to refuse nor to extenuate to any one his right from aversion or commiseration for others. This is what is required, on the one hand, by an interior constitution founded upon the principles of right, and, on the other, by a convention with other states analogous to a cosmopolitan constitution and tending to regulate their differences legally.

Objectively, or in the theory, there is no opposition between

morality and politics. But it will always exist subjectively, i.e. in consequence of the selfish propensity of man. And, in reality, this struggle is conducive to the exercise of virtue. But the most courageous exertion of virtue consists less in this case in defying the evils inseparable from this combat than in detecting and vanquishing within us the bad principle, whose crafty illusion and treacherous sophisms tend incessantly to persuade us that human frailty justifies every crime.

IMMANUEL KANT. *Zum ewigen Frieden*
(trans. Anon., 1796, abridged)

Illusions

One would think from the talk of men that riches and poverty were a great matter; and our civilization mainly respects it. But the Indians say that they do not think that the white man, with his brow of care, always toiling, afraid of heat and cold and keeping within doors, has any advantage of them. The permanent interest of every man is, never to be in a false position, but to have the weight of Nature to back him in all that he does. Riches and poverty are a thick or thin costume; and our life—the life of all of us—identical. For we transcend the circumstance continually and taste the real quality of existence; as in our employments, which only differ in the manipulations, but express the same laws; or in our thoughts, which wear no silks and taste no ice-creams. We see God face to face every hour, and know the savour of Nature. . .

The intellect is stimulated by the statement of truth in a trope, and the will by clothing the laws of life in illusions. But the unities of Truth and Right are not broken by the disguise. There need never be any confusion in these. In a crowded life of many parts and performers, on a stage of

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nations, or in the obscurest hamlet in Maine or California, the same elements offer the same choices to each new-comer, and, according to his election, he fixes his fortune in absolute nature.

There is no chance and no anarchy in the universe. All is system and gradation. Every god is there sitting in his sphere. The young mortal enters the hall of the firmament: there he is alone with them alone, they pouring on him benedictions and gifts, and beckoning him up to their thrones. On the instant, and incessantly, fall snowstorms of illusions. He fancies himself in a vast crowd which sways this way and that, and whose movements and doings he must obey: he fancies himself poor, orphaned, insignificant. The mad crowd drives hither and thither, now furiously commanding this thing to be done, now that. What is he that he should resist their will and think or act for himself? Every moment, new changes, and new showers of deceptions, to baffle and distract him. And when, by and by, for an instant, the air clears and the cloud lifts a little, there are the gods still sitting around him on their thrones—they alone with him alone.

EMERSON. *The Conduct of Life*

The Pursuit

If you are chosen town clerk, forsooth, you cannot go to Tierra del Fuego this summer; but you may go to the land of infernal fire nevertheless. The universe is wider than our views of it.

Yet we should look oftener over the taffarel of our craft, like curious passengers, and not make the voyage like stupid sailors picking oakum. The other side of the globe is but the home of our correspondent. Our voyaging is only great-circle sailing, and the doctors prescribe for diseases of the skin merely.

One hastens to southern Africa to chase the giraffe, but surely that is not the game we would be after. How long, pray, would a man hunt giraffes if he could? Snipes and woodcocks also may afford rare sport, but I trust it would be nobler game to shoot one's self. . .

Every man is the lord of a realm beside which the earthly empire of the Czar is but a petty state, a hummock left by the ice. Yet some can be patriotic who have no *self*-respect, and sacrifice the greater to the less. They love the soil which makes their graves, but have no sympathy with the spirit which may still animate their clay. Patriotism is a maggot in their heads. What was the meaning of that South Sea Exploring Expedition, with all its parade and expense, but an indirect recognition of the fact that there are continents and seas in the moral world to which every man is an isthmus or an inlet yet unexplored by him, but that it is easier to sail many thousand miles through cold and storm and cannibals in a government ship with five hundred men and boys to assist one than it is to explore the private sea, the Atlantic and Pacific Ocean of one's being alone?

It is not worth the while to go round the world to count the cats in Zanzibar. . . If you would learn to speak all tongues and conform to the customs of all nations, if you would travel farther than all travellers, be naturalized in all climes, and cause the Sphinx to dash her head against a stone, even obey the precept of the old philosopher and *explore thyself*.

THOREAU. *Walden*

What Supports Civilization?

Society is not based on knowledge, for civilization is moral. If there were no honesty, no respect for law, no obedience to the call of duty, no love of one's neighbour—in a word—no virtue, the whole fabric would totter and fall; and neither

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literature nor art, neither wealth nor industry, neither the orator nor the policeman would be able to keep it up.

A state founded upon interest alone and cemented by fear is but an ignoble and precarious construction. The true basis of every civilization is the average morality of its people—a sufficient amount of good behaviour. It is Duty which upholds all. It is the humble folk who do their duty unobtrusively who are the safety and the support of the brilliant world which takes little heed of them.

AMIEL. *Journal intime*
(trans. A. S.)

The Meaning of Life

It is possible that the meaning of life might be more fully disclosed if it were allowed to live itself out, that the proceedings of the nations might form a revelation of reality if they were not perpetually interrupted by violence. Whatever our conceptions of heavenly peace may be, nothing seems more probable than that Augustine was right in prophesying earthly peace as its foundation.

REBECCA WEST. *Challenge to Death*

Going to School

To the truly educated person, countries which he has not seen should be as real as those which he has, and the past, at least those parts of it upon which history throws an adequate light, should be almost as real as the present. And the picture that he will see, at all times and in all places, is very much the same, of people, for the most part simple and kindly people, almost exclusively interested in their own relationships and their own domestic concerns; of children looking eagerly for-

ward to life; of young people making love; of older people looking after their children; and of old people saying that things are not what they used to be; of rejoicing and mourning; of laughing and playing and gossiping; and all this revolving round the principal occupation of life, the quest for, the preparation of, and consumption of, food.

We may see in history and geography the age-long and universal picture of people very much like ourselves, living for the most part in peace and concord, but occasionally stirred to deeds of bloodshed by traditions of bloodshed, by the desire to retaliate for bloodshed, or by the false belief that bloodshed would make them happier. But do our systems of education teach, or attempt to teach, anything of the kind? With very few exceptions they emphatically do not; in fact, for the most part, they teach the exact opposite. According to the teachers of history, the inhabitants of the world in former times consisted chiefly of kings, generals, politicians, and conspirators. If we are English, these persons were all English, and if French, all French, and the only occasion when foreign countries had any history was when their kings, etc., became involved with our kings, etc. Deeds of violence were of frequent occurrence, and we are left with the impression that the percentage of persons dying in their beds was small.

The really educated person will be one who realizes that nothing that he does, or even thinks, is the product of one race, one religion, one country, one language, or one class; that he is a product of the world as a whole, and that his conduct reacts upon the world as a whole. He will regard it as his duty to combine with the rest of the world to improve the world, instead of combining with certain persons with the object of destroying others. It is this frame of mind that it should be the object of education to encourage.

LORD RAGLAN. *The Science of Peace*
(abridged)

The School of Responsibility

In schools and colleges you can teach knowledge, but not wisdom, which is the end of education rightly conceived. Wisdom imports something more than knowledge. It involves the power not only to see the course which is right, but also to follow it when it runs counter to our own interests. And this wisdom comes only from contact with facts. Wisdom is taught only by nature herself in the school of responsibility. Professors will never create electorates fit for political decisions. That fitness will not begin to develop until men are called upon not only to decide public questions but also to experience the consequences of their own decisions.

LIONEL CURTIS. *The Prevention of War*

Human Nature

'You cannot change human nature' is usually accepted as the final argument *against* international institutions and agreements. It is the final argument *for* them. Codes and laws are necessary to discipline the unruly elements within us. If the incantation, 'You cannot change human nature,' had been phrased 'You cannot change human behaviour,' it could not have survived ten minutes. For daily experience would have shown it to be false. That human behaviour, man's social conduct, can be profoundly changed by the force of new ideas, new readings of experience, education, suggestion, institutions, conventions, disciplines, the very existence of human society proves. Biologically the man of the Stone Age, the cannibal of the jungle, may be identical with the man of the twentieth century. But the latter's conduct, as indeed, his likes and dislikes, differs very much from the former's, as witness certain

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slight changes in the matter of the eating of grandparents and other forms of cannibal festival, human sacrifice, polygamy, slavery, or—coming to later times—the burning of heretics, the torture of witnesses, the duel, and a thousand common-places of daily life. It may be that the cannibal desire exists in us, but it satisfies itself in other ways. And the ways are all important.

The man who says: 'We must be stronger than any likely to challenge our rights in order to get justice,' and fails to see that this claim is itself a denial of justice, is not necessarily the victim of some psychological abnormality which calls for psycho-analysis; his mind is, unfortunately, an entirely normal one, suffering probably under a grave, though very common, educational defect; the defect of unilateral thinking, which prompts him to see a situation made up of two parties or two sets of factors in terms of one only. Plainly, until this tendency is corrected it will not help him to give him more facts, more learning. It is not the quantity of facts but the quality of thinking which matters.

SIR NORMAN ANGELL. *Preface to Peace*

For Private Persons

The machinery for peaceful change is ready and waiting; but nobody uses it, because nobody wants to use it. Wherever we turn we find that the real obstacles to peace are human will and feeling, human convictions, prejudices, opinions . . . The cardinal, the indispensable reform is a reform in the present policy of national communities in regard to one another. To-day all nations conduct their foreign policy on militaristic principles. Some are more explicitly, more noisily and vulgarly militaristic than others; but all, even those that call themselves democratic and pacific, consistently act upon the

principles of militarism. It is hardly conceivable that any desirable reform in this direction should be initiated by those who now hold political power. The movement of reform must, therefore, come from private individuals. It is the business of these private individuals to persuade the majority of their fellows that the policy of pacifism is preferable to that of militarism. When and only when they have succeeded, it will become possible to change those militaristic national policies which make the outbreak of another war all but inevitable and which, by doing this, hold up the whole process of desirable change. It may be objected that the majority of men and women all over the world ardently desire peace and that therefore there is no need for private individuals to make propaganda in favour of peace. In reply to this I may quote a profoundly significant phrase from *The Imitation*: 'All men desire peace, but very few desire those things which make for peace.' All of us desire a better state of society. But society cannot become better before two great tasks are performed. Unless peace can be firmly established and the prevailing obsession with money and power profoundly modified, there is no hope of any desirable change being made. Governments are not willing to undertake these tasks; indeed, in many countries they actively persecute those who even express the opinion that such tasks are worth performing. Private individuals are not prepared to undertake them in the ordinary way of business. If the work is to be done at all—and it is clear that, unless it is done, the state of the world is likely to become progressively worse—it must be done by associations of devoted individuals. To tend the sick, to relieve the poor, to teach without charge—these are all intrinsically excellent tasks. But for associations of devoted individuals to perform such tasks is now a work of supererogation and, in a certain sense, an anachronism. It was right that they should undertake them when nobody else was prepared to do so. If they undertake them now, when such tasks are being

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performed, very efficiently, by other agencies, they are wasting the energy of their devotion. They should use this energy to do what nobody else will do, to break the new ground that nobody else will break.

ALDOUS HUXLEY. *Ends and Means*

True Pacifism

True pacifism is a stern doctrine which keeps its eyes wide open not only on the sordid dangers of war and on the drifting ways that lead thereto but also on the formidable obstacles which must be conquered every day in order every day to rebuild the walls of peace which the wear and tear of the day before have dilapidated. The idea of war calls forth visions of activity; the idea of peace calls forth visions of quietude. But passive drifting leads to war, while peace can only be preserved by constant work which re-creates it every day. And the most difficult part of the work for peace is by no means the organization of world community activities, the setting up and working of international machinery, what might be described as *work outwards*; it is on the contrary the *work inwards*, the conquering of ancient passions, fostered in and for another age, but still vigorous in our own times despite the changes of environment which make them obsolete and out of harmony with contemporary life. This effort is truly worthy of man and compares favourably with the exhilarating effects attributed to war by bellicose writers writing under the lee of peace. This then must be our Holy War—the war against war. Its main weapon, reason. Its battlefield, our own heart.

DON SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA. *The Price of Peace*

Law and War

Our task is to direct force, to take stock of all the forces available, and get them in alignment; to control their use, and bond or blend them to the best purposes: in short, to bring order out of chaos: to substitute the reign of law for the reign of war. Peace is one of the most deceptive words in our vocabulary. Too many of us, certainly, in our devotion to peace, forget that the word on our lips means a respite rather than an achievement. Peace, at that level, is a mere alternative to war; when, in fact, the only escape from war, which is force directed dictatorially by nation against nation, is law, or force canalized by reason, force sustaining an accepted code of international conduct, and levying penalties on the transgressor, whoever he may be.

Of course, it will be much more difficult for nations than it has been for individuals to attain the self-consciousness and with it the self-abnegation which such a world-order implies. For that the terrors of modern war may have their uses. The sanctity of the nation's sovereign will must go, and cannot be expected to go easily. Every individual's will, after all, is sacrosanct, more so actually than a nation's; and yet for the help society gives him, he resigns it conditionally to the law. The idea of a law to which nations owe their allegiance is already developing apace.

The seat of reason is the individual, the soul. The object of society is to secure for souls their 'peace,' their freedom, the soil in which alone the spirit grows; and the world society of the future can only be a society of nations in which this fundamental condition of growth is acknowledged and respected. Oppression at home can never blossom into tolerance abroad. Nor can the kind of order we look forward to be obtained as a matter of politeness and convenience, or by any 'collection of securities.' Perhaps the need of it will not be seen till our

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race has passed through sufferings at present unimaginable: but when the far day dawns, pride will melt before our ripening knowledge that men's interests are everywhere the same.

BASIL DE SELINCOURT. *The Observer*

Nationalism

Across this world run the frontiers of the nation states. Many of these were fixed in the distant past; even the more modern date for the most part from the eighteenth century. They represent an organization of the life of mankind very different from that which obtains to-day; they are, in very truth, anachronisms. It is only by means of artificial barriers, by tariffs and customs, by exchange and currency restrictions, by trade quotas and favoured-nation clauses, that the modern state is enabled to maintain itself intact against the logic of an economic situation which points increasingly in the direction of international political organization. What nonsense the ease and speed of modern communications have made of our obsolete paraphernalia of local and national boundaries, tariff barriers, passports, customs examination, and all the other ornaments of the political parish pump. . .

Ours, then, is a civilization in which the nation state is manifestly revealed as an anachronism. The economic stage of the twentieth century is world-wide, yet upon this stage there continue to strut the symbolic figures of the nation states, Britannia and the Fatherland, Marianne and Uncle Sam, unaware that the foundations are shifting, that the boards are rotten, and that their convulsive movements, their nervous and agitated gesticulations, threaten to bring down the whole structure in ruins. Meanwhile the biological activity which, with whatever purpose, drives forward in pursuance of its

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tendency to develop, in the process we know as evolution, ever larger units of organization, will unhesitatingly scrap whatever individual organisms or social organizations block its path, and consign them to join the dinosaur and mammoth and the other discarded experiments of life's adolescence upon the evolutionary scrap heap. . .

The problem with which the ancient Greeks were confronted was not dissimilar from our own. Their sentiment of nationalism was founded upon the city state and, as a result, Greek history is the record of a dreary succession of wars between city states. Proposals were made from time to time for unifying the Greeks, but it required the peril of the Persian invasion to impose a unity which was at best partial and did not outlive the emergency which had produced it. Unity, in fact, remained a nebulous ideal, a tie no stronger than that which unites the countries of Europe to-day in what is called a common civilization. There came a time when the city states were required to unite or go down before the Macedonian invader. They were unequal to the challenge. Incurrigibly separatist to the last, they continued to be animated by a patriotism which was unable to extend the area relative to its concern commensurately with the needs of the age.

The countries of contemporary Europe are faced by the same challenge, but for them the challenge is more serious because their powers are greater. The distinctive feature of our time is the gulf which separates our power from our wisdom. Possessing wisdom in no way superior to that of the ancient Greeks, we possess powers which are immeasurably greater. Hence, unless we can learn the lesson of the larger patriotism which must at once precede and accomplish the next integration which awaits mankind, our generation will be destroyed together with the civilization that gave it birth.

There may be, I think, hope in education; it may be that this is our only hope. Though our wisdom is small our

knowledge is great, but it is not harnessed to the task of solving the problems that confront us. The amount of specialized thought and knowledge which our race has accumulated is enormous, yet the common ideas of men are elementary and their feelings primitive. Can we bring the former to bear upon the latter? Unless mankind can pull its mind together, co-ordinating its intellectual resources to fill the gulf between its obsolete political patriotism and its world-wide economic structure, our species may end its eventful history as just the last and the cleverest of the great apes.

C. E. M. JOAD. *Guide to Modern Wickedness*

Lessons of History

How differently the affairs of the world would go—with a little more decency, a little honesty, a little more thought. Especially a little more thought. I have come to think that accuracy, in the deepest sense, is the basic virtue: the foundation of progress. It applies to private as well as to public life. Sweeping judgments, malicious gossip, inaccurate statements which spread a misleading impression—these are symptoms of the moral and mental recklessness that gives rise to war. Studying their effect, one is led to see that the germs of war lie within ourselves—not in economics, politics, or religion as such.

These germs find a focus in the convenient belief that 'the end justifies the means.' Each new generation repeats this argument; while succeeding generations have had reason to say that the end their predecessors thus pursued was never justified by the fulfilment conceived. If there is one lesson that should be clear from history it is that bad means deform the end, or deflect its course thither. I would suggest the

corollary that if we take care of the means the end will take care of itself.

Only second to the futility of pursuing ends reckless of the means is that of attempting progress by compulsion. History shows how often it leads to reaction. Also that the surer way is to generate and diffuse the thought of progress. Reforms that last are those that come naturally, and with least friction, when men's minds have become ripe for them. Influence on thought has been the most influential factor in history, though, being less obvious than the effects of action, it has received far less attention—even from writers of history. There is a general recognition that man's capacity for thought has been responsible for all human progress but not yet an adequate appreciation of the historical effect of contributions to thought in comparison with that of spectacular action. Seen with a sense of proportion, the smallest permanent enlargement of men's thought is a greater achievement, and ambition, than the construction of something material that crumbles, the conquest of a kingdom that collapses, or the leadership of a movement that ends in a rebound. In the conquest of mind-space it is the inches, consolidated, that count. Also for the spread and endurance of an idea the originator is dependent on the self-development of the receivers and transmitters—far more dependent than is the initiator of an action upon its executants. In the physical sphere subordination can serve as a substitute for co-operation, and, although inferior, can go a long way towards producing effective action. But the progress of ideas, if it is to be a true progress, depends on co-operation in a much higher degree, and on a higher kind of co-operation. In this sphere the leader may still be essential, but instead of fusing individuals into a mass through the suppression of their individuality and the contraction of their thought, the lead that he gives only has effect, lighting effect, in proportion to the elevation of individuality and the expansion of thought. For collective action it suffices if the mass can be managed:

collective growth is only possible through the freedom and enlargement of individual minds. It is not the man, still less the mass, that count; but the many.

Once the collective importance of each individual in helping or hindering progress is appreciated, the experience contained in history is seen to have a personal, not merely a political, significance. What can the individual learn from history—as a guide to living? Not what to do, but what to strive for. And what to avoid in striving. The importance and intrinsic value of behaving decently. The importance of seeing clearly—not least ourselves. It is strange how people assume that no training is needed in the pursuit of truth. It is stranger still that this assumption is often manifest in the very man who talks of the difficulty of determining what is true. We should recognize that for this pursuit any one requires at least as much care and training as a boxer for a fight or a runner for a Marathon. He has to learn how to detach his *thinking* from every desire and interest, from every sympathy and antipathy—like ridding oneself of superfluous tissue, the ‘tissue’ of untruth which all human beings tend to accumulate, for their own comfort and protection. And he must keep fit, to become fitter. In other words, he must be true to the light he has seen.

LIDDELL HART. *Through the Fog of War*

Europe at the Cross Roads

Europe has now reached a point at which it would seem, as never so clearly in past history, that two alternative and sharply contrasted destinies await her. She may travel down the road to a new war, or, overcoming passion, prejudice, and hysteria, work for a permanent organization of peace. In either case the human spirit is armed with material power.

EUROPE AT THE CROSS ROADS

The developing miracle of science is at our disposal to use or abuse, to make or to mar. With science we may lay civilization in ruins or enter into a period of plenty and well-being the like of which has never been experienced by mankind.

H. A. L. FISHER. *A History of Europe* (1936)

II. FAITH

If a man has no belief in anything, he lives for the purpose of wearing out his boots.

EMERSON

Faith is an act of self-consecration, in which the will, the intellect, and the affections all have their place.

W. R. INGE

It is not the facts which govern our conduct, but our beliefs about them.

SIR NORMAN ANGELL

The Law that Abides

And is thy faith so much to give,
Is it so hard a thing to see
That the Spirit of God, whate'er it be—
The Law that abides and changes not, ages long,
The Eternal and Nature-born—these things be strong?

What else is wisdom? What of man's endeavour
Or God's high grace so lovely and so great—
To stand from fear set free, to breathe and wait;
To hold a hand uplifted over Hate—
And shall not loveliness be loved for ever?

EURIPIDES. *The Bacchae*
(trans. G. Murray)

The Greek Spirit

What has the religion of the Greeks to teach us that we are most in danger of forgetting? In a word, it is the faith that Truth is our friend, and that the knowledge of Truth is not beyond our reach. Faith in honest seeking is at the heart of the Greek view of life. 'Those who would rightly judge of truth,' says Aristotle, 'must be arbitrators, not litigants.' 'Happy is he who has learnt the value of research,' says Euripides in a fragment. Curiosity, as the Greeks knew and the Middle Ages knew not, is a virtue, not a vice. Nature, for Plato, is God's vicegerent and revealer, the Soul of the universe. Human nature is the same nature as the divine; no one has proclaimed this more strongly. Nature is for us;

chaos and 'necessity' are the enemy. . . It is a mistake to suppose that the faith of a 'post-rational' age, to use a phrase of Santayana, can be the same as that of an unscientific age, even when it uses the same formulas. The Greek spirit itself is now calling us away from some of the vestments of Greek tradition. The choice before us is between a 'post-rational' traditionalism, fundamentally sceptical, pragmatistic, and intellectually dishonest, and a trust in reason which rests really on faith in the divine Logos, the self-revealing soul of the universe. It is the belief of the present writer that the unflinching eye and the open mind will bring us again to the feet of Christ, to whom Greece, with her long tradition of free and fearless inquiry, became a speedy and willing captive, bringing her manifold treasures to Him, in the well-grounded confidence that He was not come to destroy but to fulfil.

W. R. INGE. *The Legacy of Greece*

The Cloud of Witnesses

By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him. For before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God. But without faith it is impossible to please Him; for he that cometh to God must believe that He is and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.

By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house; by the which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith.

By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went. By faith he

THE CLOUD OF WITNESSES

sojourned in the land of promise, as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise. For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. . .

What shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell of Gedeon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthae; of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Women received their dead raised to life again; and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection.

And others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment. They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword. They wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented. Of whom the world was not worthy. They wandered in deserts and in mountains and in dens and caves of the earth. And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise, God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.

Hebrews xi (A.V.)

A Tale of Two Cities

Two loves have given original to these cities: self-love in contempt of God unto the earthly, love of God in contempt of one's self to the heavenly. The first seeks the glory of men, and the latter desires God only as the testimony of the conscience, the greatest glory. That glories in itself, this in God.

That boasts of the ambitious conquerors, led by the lust of sovereignty: in this every one serves other in charity, both the rulers in counselling and the subjects in obeying. That loves worldly virtue in the potentates: this says unto God: 'I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength.' And the wise men of that follow either the good things of the body or mind, or both, living according to the flesh. But in this other, the heavenly city, there is no wisdom of man, but only the piety that serves the true God and expects a reward in the society of the holy angels and men, that God may be all in all.

Mankind is divided into two sorts: such as live according to man and such as live according to God. These we mystically call two cities or societies. Cain was the first begotten of those that were mankind's parents, and he belongs to the city of man. Abel was the later, and he belongs to the city of God. For as we see that in that one man that which is spiritual was not first, but that which is natural first and then the spiritual; so, in the first propagation of man and course of the two cities of which we dispute, the carnal citizen was born first, and the pilgrim on earth or heavenly citizen afterwards, being by grace predestinated and by grace elected, by grace a pilgrim upon earth, and by grace a citizen of Heaven. For as for his birth, it was out of the same corrupted mass that was condemned from the beginning; but God, like a potter, out of the same lump made 'one vessel to honour and another to reproach.' The vessel of reproach was made first, and the vessel of honour afterwards. For in that one man first was reprobation (whence we must needs begin and wherein we need not remain) and afterwards goodness, to which we come by profiting, and coming thither, therein make our abode. Whereupon it follows that no one can be good that has not first been evil, though all that be evil become not good; but the sooner a man betters himself the quicker does this name follow him, abolishing the memory of the other.

Therefore it is recorded of Cain that he built a city, but Abel was a pilgrim and built none. For the city of the saints is above, though it have citizens here upon earth, wherein it lives as a pilgrim until the time of the kingdom come.

SAINT AUGUSTINE. *De Civitate Dei*
(trans. John Healey, 1610, abridged)

The Binding Knot

The knot that ought to bind the judgment and the will, that ought to restrain the soul and join it to our Creator, should be a knot that derives its foldings and strength not from our considerations, from our reasons and passions, but from a divine and supernatural constraint, having but one form, one face, and one lustre, which is the authority of God and His divine grace. Now the heart and soul being governed and commanded by faith, 'tis but reason that they should muster all our other faculties, according as they are able to perform to the service and assistance of their design. Neither is it to be imagined that all this machine has not some marks imprinted upon it by the hand of the mighty Architect and that there is not in the things of this world some image that in some measure resembles the Workman who has built and formed them. He has in His stupendous works left the character of His divinity, and 'tis our own weakness only that hinders us from discerning it. . .

It were to do wrong to the Divine Goodness, did not the universe consent to our belief. The heavens, the earth, the elements, our bodies, and our souls—all things concur to this. We have but to find out the way to use them; they instruct us if we are capable of instruction. For this world is a sacred temple into which man is introduced, there to contemplate

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statues not the works of a mortal hand but such as the Divine Purpose has made the objects of sense—the sun, the stars, the water, and the earth, to represent those that are intelligible to us.

MONTAIGNE. *Essays*

(trans. C. Cotton—revised by W. Hazlitt)

The Sword of Faith

'Tis true, there is an edge in all firm belief, and with an easy metaphor we may say the *sword* of faith; but in these obscurities I rather use it in the adjunct the apostle gives it—a *buckler*, under which I conceive a wary combatant may lie invulnerable. Since I was of understanding to know we knew nothing my reason has been more pliable to the will of faith. I am now content to understand a mystery without a rigid definition, in an easy and platonic description. That allegorical description of Hermes pleaseth me beyond all the metaphysical definitions of divines. Where I cannot satisfy my reason I love to humour my fancy. Where there is an obscurity too deep for our reason 'tis good to sit down with a description, periphrasis or adumbration; for by acquainting our reason how unable it is to display the visible and obvious effects of nature it becomes more humble and submissive unto the subtleties of faith; and thus I teach my haggard and unreclaimed reason to stoop unto the lure of faith. . .

Who can speak of eternity without a solecism or think thereof without an ecstasy? Time we may comprehend—'tis but five days elder than ourselves and hath the same horoscope with the world; but to retire so far back as to apprehend a beginning, to give such an infinite start forwards as to conceive an end, in an essence that we affirm hath neither the one nor the other—it puts my reason to St Paul's Sanctuary.

THE SWORD OF FAITH

My philosophy dares not say the angels can do it. God hath not made a creature that can comprehend Him—'tis a privilege of His own nature.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Religio Medici*

The Ark of Safety

He looked, and saw the ark hull on the flood,
Which now abated; for the clouds were fled,
Driven by a keen North-wind, that, blowing dry,
Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decayed;
And the clear sun on his wide watery glass
Gazed hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew,
As after thirst; which made their flowing shrink
From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole
With soft foot towards the deep, who now had stopt
His sluices, as the heaven his windows shut.
The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground,
Fast on the top of some high mountain fixed.
And now the tops of hills as rocks appear;
With clamour thence the rapid currents drive
Towards the retreating sea their furious tide.
Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies,
And, after him, the surer messenger,
A dove, sent forth once and again to spy
Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light;
The second time returning, in his bill
An olive-leaf he brings, pacific sign.
Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark
The ancient sire descends, with all his train;
Then, with uplifted hands and eyes devout,
Grateful to Heaven, over his head beholds

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A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow
Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,
Betokening peace from God, and covenant new.

MILTON. *Paradise Lost*, xi

On His Blindness

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,
'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?'
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at His bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.'

MILTON

Peace

My soul, there is a country
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry
All skilful in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits, crowned with smiles,

PEACE

And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend,
And (O my soul awake!)
Did in pure love descend
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the Flower of Peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure
But one who never changes—
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

VAUGHAN

The Habit of Belief

There is enough light for those who wish to see, and enough darkness for those whose disposition is the opposite. There is enough illumination to enlighten the faithful, and enough obscurity to keep them humble. There is enough darkness to make the unbelievers blind, and enough light to condemn them as inexcusable. . .

We ought not to misconceive our own nature. We are body as well as spirit; and hence demonstration is not the only channel of persuasion. How few things are capable of demonstration! Such proof, too, only convinces the understanding. Custom gives the most conclusive proof; for it influences the senses, and by them the judgment is carried along without being aware of it. Who has proved the coming of the morrow, or the fact of our own death? And yet what is more universally believed? It is then custom which persuades us. True, we must not begin here to search for truth, but we may

have recourse to it when we have found the truth, in order to dye ourselves more thoroughly with a belief which otherwise might fade. For to have a series of proofs incessantly before the mind, is more than we are equal to.

We must acquire a more easy method of belief—that of habit—which, without violence, without art, and without argument, inclines all our powers towards belief; so that the mind glides into it naturally. It is not enough to believe only by the strength of rational conviction, while the senses incline us to believe the contrary. Our two powers must go forth together—the understanding, led by those reasonings, which it is enough to have examined thoroughly once—the affections, led by habit which keeps them perpetually from wandering.

PASCAL. *Pensées*
(trans. A. S.)

A Warning to Boswell

JOHNSON. ‘Do not, sir, accustom yourself to trust to *impressions*. There is a middle state of mind between conviction and hypocrisy of which many are conscious. By trusting to impressions a man may gradually come to yield to them and at length be subject to them, so as not to be a free agent, or what is the same thing in effect, to *suppose* that he is not a free agent. A man who is in that state should not be suffered to live. If he declares he cannot help acting in a particular way, and is irresistibly impelled, there can be no confidence in him, no more than in a tiger. But, sir, no man believes himself to be impelled irresistibly: we know that he who says he believes it, lies. Favourable impressions at particular moments as to the state of our souls may be deceitful and dangerous’. . .

The opinion of a learned Bishop of our acquaintance, as to there being merit in religious faith, being mentioned:

A WARNING TO BOSWELL

JOHNSON. 'Why, yes, sir, the most licentious man, were Hell open before him, would not take the most beautiful strumpet in his arms. We must, as the Apostle says, live by faith, not by sight.'

BOSWELL. *Life of Samuel Johnson*

Town and Country

Ye hermits blest, ye holy maids,
The nearest Heaven on earth,
Who talk with God in shadowy glades,
Free from rude care and mirth;
To whom some viewless teacher brings
The secret lore of rural things,
The moral of each fleeting cloud and gale,
The whispers from above that haunt the twilight vale—

Say, when in pity ye have gaz'd
On the wreath'd smoke afar,
That o'er some town, like mist uprais'd,
Hung hiding sun and star—
Then as ye turn'd your weary eye
To the green earth and open sky,
Were ye not fain to doubt how faith could dwell
Amid that dreary glare in this world's citadel?

But Love's a flower that will not die
For lack of leafy screen,
And Christian Hope can cheer the eye
That ne'er saw vernal green;
Then be ye sure that Love can bless
E'en in this crowded loneliness,
Where ever-moving myriads seem to say
'Go, thou art naught to us, nor we to thee—away!'

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There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime
With whom the melodies abide
Of th' everlasting chime,
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat. . .

And oh! if e'en on Babel shine
Such gleams of Paradise,
Should not their peace be peace divine,
Who day by day arise
To look on clearer heavens, and scan
The work of God untouch'd by man?
Shame on us, who about us Babel bear,
And live in Paradise, as if God was not there!

KEBLE. *The Christian Year*

The Pope Argues with Himself

And is this little all that was to be?
Where is the gloriously-decisive change,
Metamorphòsis the immeasurable
Of human clay to divine gold, we looked
Should, in some poor sort, justify its price?
Had an adèpt of the mere Rosy Cross
Spent his life to consummate the Great Work,
Would not we start to see the stuff it touched
Yield not a grain more than the vulgar got
By the old smelting-process years ago?
If this were sad to see in just the sage
Who should profess so much, perform no more,
What is it when suspected in that Power
Who undertook to make and made the world,

THE POPE ARGUES WITH HIMSELF

Devised and did effect man, body and soul,
Ordained salvation for them both, and yet—
Well, is the thing we see, salvation?

Put no such dreadful question to myself,
Within whose circle of experience burns
The central truth, Power, Wisdom, Goodness—God.
I must outlive a thing ere know it dead;
When I outlive the faith there is a sun,
When I lie, ashes to the very soul,—
Someone, not I, must wail above the heap,
'He died in dark whence never morn arose.'
While I see day succeed the deepest night—
How can I speak but as I know?—my speech
Must be, throughout the darkness, 'It will end:
'The light that did burn, will burn!' Clouds obscure—
But for which obscuration all were bright?
Too hastily concluded! Sun-suffused,
A cloud may soothe the eye made blind by blaze—
Better the very clarity of heaven:
The soft streaks are the beautiful and dear.
What but the weakness in a faith supplies
The incentive to humanity, no strength
Absolute, irresistible, comports?
How can man love but what he yearns to help?
And that which men think weakness within strength,
But angels know for strength and stronger yet—
What were it else but the first things made new,
But repetition of the miracle,
The divine instance of self-sacrifice
That never ends and aye begins for man?
So, never I miss footing in the maze,
No,—I have light nor fear the dark at all.

BROWNING. *The Ring and the Book*, x

A Musician's Creed

There shall never be one lost good. What was, shall be as before;

The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;

On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power

Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity confirms the conception of an hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the earth to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by-and-by.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?

Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might
issue thence?

Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be
prized?

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,

Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe:
But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason, and welcome: 'tis we musicians
know.

BROWNING. *Abt Vogler*

Life Worth Living

This life *is* worth living, we can say, *since it is we that make it, from the moral point of view*; and we are determined to make it from that point of view, so far as we have anything to do with it, a success.

I have assumed that our faith in an invisible order is what inspires those efforts and that patience which make this visible order good for moral men. Our faith in the seen world's goodness (goodness now meaning fitness for successful moral and religious life) has verified itself by leaning on our faith in the unseen world. But will our faith in the unseen world similarly verify itself: Who knows?

Once more it is a case of *maybe*; and once more *maybes* are the essence of the situation. I confess that I do not see why the very existence of an invisible world may not in part depend on the personal response which any one of us may make to the religious appeal. God Himself, in short, may draw vital strength and increase of very being from our fidelity. For my own part, I do not know what the sweat and blood and tragedy of this life mean, if they mean anything short of this. If this life be not a real fight, in which something is eternally gained for the universe by success, it is no better than a game of private theatricals from which one may withdraw at will. But it *feels* like a real fight—as if there were something really wild in the universe which we, with all our idealities and faithfulnesses, are needed to redeem; and first of all to redeem our own hearts from atheisms and fears. For such a half-wild, half-saved universe our nature is adapted. The deepest thing in our nature is this dumb region of the heart in which we dwell alone with our willingnesses and unwillingnesses, our faiths and fears. As through the cracks and crannies of caverns those waters exude from the earth's bosom which then form the fountain-heads of springs, so in these crepuscular depths of

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personality the sources of all our outer deeds and decisions take their rise. Here is our deepest organ of communication with the nature of things; and compared with these concrete movements of our soul all abstract statements and scientific arguments—the veto, for example, which the strict positivist pronounces upon our faith—sound to us like mere chatterings of the teeth. . .

These, then, are my last words to you: Be not afraid of life. Believe that life *is* worth living, and your belief will help create the fact.

WILLIAM JAMES. *The Will to Believe*

A Good End

Let man cease to *will*, and the moral world, as known to us, disappears. And if we take up the volitions of men, we shall find (not seldom under deep obscurity) that nothing could call them into being except a vision of a good end—nay, of the best—or what he conceives to be the Best, though it may not by any means be regarded by him as morally best. That vision incites the will, receives the assent of the head and heart, and becomes the object of a choice which is free. . .

External circumstances of all kinds have been made into opportunities for learning goodness; and there are hardly any limits to the power of character over circumstance. The praise of God has arisen, at times, from strange conditions—given a love of the Highest that fills the soul, it will find fuel in everything and break into the brighter flame for pain, poverty, and other natural ills.

On the other hand, the secondary and derivative and conditional character of natural ‘goods’ is in constant process of being demonstrated. The most miserable men, the blankest

failures, the lives which become most weary of themselves, the men whose career has all along its course had low value and ends in defeat, are, I believe, as a rule, 'the men of pleasure.'

From both sides the same conclusion is pressed upon us, if we are at all fair-minded. The experience of the former, and especially their 'peace' of soul and happiness, indicate that they have been making the *right use* of the circumstances of life. That of the second is a frank confession that the circumstances have been *misused*. And, for my part, I have never heard the verdict of either withdrawn. And the right use of a thing always implies a right understanding of its nature. Those who make the best use of the changes and chances of the present life must thus have rightly interpreted their purpose; those who have made a wrong, foolish, disappointing use have wrongly interpreted them. I do not see how this conclusion can be avoided; nor the value of the testimony, coming as it does from both sides, be denied. It seems that the natural world is the instrument of a spiritual end.

In the next place, the very existence of moral good must imply its supremacy. It cannot be *means* to anything above or beyond itself. To use what is moral as means is to destroy its moral character. To be good in order to 'get on,' either here or hereafter, is not a precept that the moral consciousness can enforce. The final value of spiritual excellence is so obvious that I need not dwell upon it. What remains is this—that in this world of ours, confused as it often seems, lawless and abandoned, there is in operation a force making for ends whose value is unconditional. We may say that its victory has not arrived as yet, but I do not think that we can deny that it is in process. The history of the world in the past may possibly be regarded as giving ambiguous evidence of the presence of the Best. One is not always able to be certain that 'the world is becoming better.' Nevertheless, it seems to me that the intrinsic nature of the moral process makes in itself a triumph;

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or, in other words, that while both good and bad are real, and both a process, the former is a process of growth and of attainment, the latter a process of self-refutation and deletion.

SIR HENRY JONES. *A Faith that Enquires*

Man's Worst Weakness

Man's worst weakness is that he is always underestimating Man. He has never seen too large, he has always seen too small, too small. He has never had too much faith in what Man could do: he has always had too little. Since time began, the western world lay there across the sea, but even when Columbus came he saw himself as the discoverer not of a new world but of a new route. The kettle steamed through thousands of years of human slavery; then came Watt—and which would amaze him most to-day: the automobile or the negro who owns one? Once a man believed that Man could make a ship go without sails against a river. Other men called his ship *Fulton's Folly*. But he kept faith in Man, in one man—himself—and *Fulton's Folly* went paddling up the Hudson. Fulton saw far for his time, but doubtless he himself would have called it folly to believe the oil he used to cure a cold in the head could ever drive gigantic ships across the Atlantic in a hundred hours. . . .

Man has still to find the limit of what he can do if only he has faith in himself. And yet each generation has seen wonders done by men who believed in Man. Man's greatest achievements have been the work of some obscure man or handful of men with faith in themselves, helping mankind against mankind's stubborn opposition. These inventors, discoverers, artists, statesmen, poets—each of our benefactors has always had to overcome not only Nature

MAN'S WORST WEAKNESS

but his own species. And always these lone men with faith have worked this wonder. As Andrew Jackson said, one man with courage makes a majority.

CLARENCE K. STREIT. *Union Now*

Proposal for a New League of Nations

Its mission would be to create for the nations a new model of community life in which fighting force plays no part whatever. Let the fighting function remain with those to whom it belongs, the sovereign political states, until, under the growth of common interests among the nations, it gradually dies a natural death. For them it may be necessary, at least for the time being. To a league aiming at peace it would be fatal. We deprecate the suppression of war by any kind of fighting procedure, believing that all such attempts merely serve to endow war with new vitality and confirm the dominance of the war-machine.

On what, then, the reader will naturally ask, will your new model depend for the fulfilment of the obligations into which the members of it have entered? How, with no 'sword' to restrain the forces which would wreck it, can it proceed to the achievement of any purpose whatsoever?

The answer to this question can be given without any hesitation, and will cause surprise only to those whose reflection on these matters has been arrested at some half-way point. Our league will depend simply and solely on the good faith of its members; and this for the reason that, frame the league how you will, it has, and can have, nothing else to depend upon. Would it not be well, therefore, to realize this from the outset and proclaim it openly? And seeing that good faith is our only security, would it not be well also to pitch the operations

of the league in a field where habits and traditions of good faith are relatively well established and avoid the field—that of military compacts—where political states are notoriously given to changing their minds, suspecting each other's loyalties, breaking their bonds, and deserting their allies the moment they discover that they have made a bad bargain, or are likely to get the worst of it? In the present imbroglio of world affairs the announcement by the league that it was resolved to pursue its mission unarmed, and rely on nothing else than the good faith of its members—as, in truth, there is nothing else to rely on—would be a stroke like the cutting of the Gordian knot. Let it use 'the sword' for that purpose and no other. As a mere gesture it would be a service of incalculable value to the cause of peace. The poisonous atmosphere of censoriousness and suspicion would begin to disperse. A wholesome wind would arise. Nor would that be all. Many things of great importance, now impossible, would then become possible. Among them, and perhaps the chief, the way would then be open for the United States, whose partnership in the league is essential to its success, but definitely barred so long as the fighting function is retained, to reconsider their present attitude of abstention and to throw their mighty weight into the cause of world reconciliation. . .

It would seem that the orthodox conception of the league as a military alliance on the great or the universal scale stands, in one important respect, on the same level with the non-fighting institution we would have it become. Both depend in the last resort on nothing else than the good faith of the parties. But the former has the disadvantage by operating in a field where good faith is notoriously deficient.

L. P. JACKS. *Co-operation or Coercion?*

Between Midnight and Morning

You that have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,
And trust that out of night and death shall rise
The dawn of ampler life;

Rejoice, whatever anguish rend your heart,
That God has given you, for a priceless dower,
To live in these great times and have your part
In Freedom's crowning hour.

That you may tell your sons who see the light
High in the heavens, their heritage to take:—
'I saw the powers of darkness put to flight;
I saw the morning break!'

SIR OWEN SEAMAN

III. BROTHERHOOD

Arviragus. Are we not brothers?
Imogen. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike.

SHAKESPEARE. *Cymbeline*

Civil society doth more content the nature of man than any private kind of solitary living, because in society this good of mutual participation is so much larger than otherwise. Herein notwithstanding we are not satisfied, but we covet (if it might be) to have a kind of society and fellowship even with all mankind.

HOOKE. *Ecclesiastical Polity*

The humble, meek, merciful, just, pious, and devout souls are everywhere of one religion; and when death has taken off the mask they will know one another, though the divers liveries they wear here make them strangers.

WILLIAM PENN. *Some Fruits of Solitude*

Sung Tzū and His Disciples
(Fourth Century B.C.)

Constantly rebuffed but never discouraged, they went round from state to state helping people to settle their differences, arguing against wanton attack and pleading for the suppression of arms, that the age in which they lived might be saved from its state of continual war. To this end they interviewed princes and lectured the common people, nowhere meeting with any great success, but obstinately pursuing their task, till kings and commoners alike grew weary of listening to them. Yet undeterred they continued to force themselves on people's attention. Troublesome though they were, it must be confessed that what they did on behalf of others was unlimited; while what they asked for themselves was little indeed. They said all they needed was to have half a peck of rice in store. Often enough the master himself got little to eat and the disciples even less. But never for a moment did they forget what they had vowed to do for all people under heaven, and hungry though they were, never rested either by night or day. . . They thought indeed that any one who is not helping all people under heaven had far better be dead.

CHUANG TZŪ
(trans. A. Waley)

Citizens of the World

If what philosophers say of the kindred between God and man be true, what should any one do but, like Socrates, when he is asked what countryman he is, say that he is a citizen not of Athens or of Corinth but of the world? For why do you say

that you are of Athens and not only of that corner of it where your paltry body was laid at its birth? Is it not from what comprehends not only that corner but also the whole district from which you are derived that you call yourself an Athenian or a Corinthian? Why, then, may not he who understands that the most comprehensive of all things is this great system composed of God and men and that from God the seeds of being are descended to all things that are produced and born on earth, and especially to rational beings, why may not such a one call himself a citizen of the world as well as a son of God?

EPICETUS. *Discourses* reported by ARRIAN (trans. Elizabeth Carter, revised and abridged)

Who is my Neighbour?

A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him and passed by on the other side.

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was; and when he saw him he had compassion on him, and went to him and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence and gave them to the host, and said unto him: 'Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee.'

Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves?

LUKE X (A.V.)

Connections and Relations

Asia, Europe—what are they but as corners of the whole world, of which the whole sea is but as one drop and the great Mount Athos but as a clod, as all present time is but one point of eternity? All petty things, all things that are soon altered, soon perished. . . Meditate often upon the connection of all things in the world and upon the mutual relations that they have one unto another. For all things are after a sort folded and involved one within another, and by these means all agree well together.

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That unto every one is most profitable which is according to his own constitution and nature. And my nature is to be rational in all my actions, and as a good and natural member of a city and commonwealth towards my fellow-members ever to be sociably and kindly disposed and affected. My city and country, as I am Antonius, is Rome; as a man, the whole world.

.

That which is not good for the bee-hive cannot be good for the bee.

.

Apply thyself to that especially which, unto man as he is a man, is most proper and agreeable; and that is for a man even to love them that transgress against him. This shall be, if at the same time that any such thing doth happen, thou call to mind that they are thy kinsmen; that it is through ignorance and against their wills that they sin; and that within a very short while after both thou and he shall be no more: but above

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all things that he hath not done thee any hurt, for that by him thy mind and understanding is not made worse or more vile than it was before.

MARCUS AURELIUS. *The Golden Book*
(trans. Meric Casaubon)

Pax Romana

Earth is now the mother of all and the common fatherland of all. For to-day any man, Greek or foreigner, can quite easily go where he likes, taking his belongings or leaving them behind, exactly as if he were going from one home country to another. The Cilician Gates have no terror for him, nor the narrow sandy approaches that lead through Arabia to Egypt; no, nor impassable mountains, nor vast broad rivers, nor unfriendly foreign peoples. To be safe it is enough to be a Roman or even a Roman subject.

ARISTIDES OF SMYRNA. *Encomium Romae*
(trans. T. A. Sinclair)

An anchoress on Charity (Fourteenth Century)

Full glad and merry is our Lord of our prayer; and He looketh thereafter, and He willeth to have it. For charity pray we all; together with God's working, thinking, trusting, enjoying. For thus will our good Lord be prayed to, as by the understanding that I took of all His own meaning and of the sweet words where He saith full merrily: *I am the ground of thy beseeching*. For truly I saw and understood in our Lord's meaning that He shewed it for that He willeth to have it known more than it is.

And from that time that it was shewed I desired oftentimes

AN ANCHORESS ON CHARITY

to learn what was our Lord's meaning. And fifteen years after, and more, I was answered in ghostly understanding, saying thus: *Wouldst thou learn thy Lord's meaning in this thing? Learn it well: Love was His meaning. Who shewed it thee? Love. What shewed He thee? Love. Wherefore shewed it He? For Love. Hold thee therein and thou shalt learn and know more in the same. But thou shalt never know nor learn therein other thing without end.* Thus was I learned that Love was our Lord's meaning. And I saw full surely that ere God made us He loved us; which love was never slack'd, nor ever shall be. And then I saw that each kind compassion that man hath on his even-Christians¹ with charity, it is Christ in him.

THE LADY JULIAN, ANCHORESS OF NORWICH
(from a MS. in the British Museum; ed.
Grace Warrack, abridged)

Benignitas Medici

Now for that other virtue of charity, without which faith is a mere notion, and of no existence. I have ever endeavoured to nourish the merciful disposition and humane inclination I borrowed from my parents and regulate it to the written and prescribed laws of charity. And if I hold the true anatomy of myself, I am delineated and naturally framed to such a piece of virtue; for I am of a constitution so general that it consorts and sympathizeth with all things. I have no antipathy, or rather idiosyncrasy, in diet, humour, air, anything. I wonder not at the French for their dishes of frogs, snails, and toadstools, nor at the Jews for locusts and grasshoppers; but being amongst them, make them my common viands, and I find they agree with my stomach as well as theirs. I could digest a salad gathered in a churchyard as well as in a garden. I cannot

¹ fellow-Christians.

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start at the presence of a serpent, scorpion, lizard, or salamander: at the sight of a toad or viper I find in me no desire to take up a stone to destroy them. I feel not in myself those common antipathies that I can discover in others. Those national repugnances do not touch me; nor do I behold with prejudice the French, Italian, Spaniard, or Dutch; but where I find their actions in balance with my countrymen's I honour, love, and embrace them in the same degree. I was born in the eighth climate but seem for to be framed and constellated unto all. I am no plant that will not prosper out of a garden. All places, all airs, make unto me one country. . . .

For my conversation, it is like the sun's, with all men and with a friendly aspect to good and bad. Methinks there is no man bad, and the worst best—that is, while they are kept within the circle of those qualities wherein they are good. There is no man's mind of such discordant and jarring a temper to which a tunable disposition may not strike a harmony.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Religio Medici*

The Talk of Men

Do not let yourself be heated by the talk of men. Let them talk; and do you try to do the will of God. As to the will of men, you will never come nearer that. It is not worth the trouble. A little silence, peace, and union with God, ought to console you for every unjust word. You must love men without building on their friendship. They take it away—they give it back—they return it again. Let it go and come: it is a feather which the wind carries along. Only behold your Maker in the creatures; He consoles or afflicts us through their means according to our needs.

FÉNELON. *Lettres spirituelles*
(trans. A. S.)

A Free-Thinker's Prayer

O God of all creatures, all worlds, and all time, I cannot believe that Thou hast given us hearts to hate each other or hands to butcher each other. Grant, then, that we may use these Thy gifts in helping each other to bear the burdens of our short and difficult life. Grant that the disagreement between our inadequate languages, our absurd customs, our imperfect laws, our foolish opinions—all these little differences that distinguish the mites called men—be no longer causes of hate and persecution. Grant that those who light their tapers at midday to worship Thee may bear with those others who find the light of Thy sun sufficient; that those who cover their robes with white veils before declaring that Thou art worthy of our love may not detest those others who say the same thing wearing plain coats of homespun; and that our worship may be equally acceptable to Thee, whether expressed in an ancient language or in some modern jargon. Grant that those who, possessing many round pieces of a certain metal, lord it over a small section of a small part of this earth, may enjoy without pride what they are pleased to call their greatness and their wealth; and that others may behold them without envy; for Thou knowest that in these vanities there is nothing desirable and nothing to be proud of.

Let us remember that we are brothers. Let us detest tyranny over men's souls as much as we do robbery of their possessions. If the scourge of war is inevitable, then let us no longer hate, let us no longer injure one another in time of peace; but let us use the short time we have in this world to bless with equal voices—from California to Siam—the Providence to whom we owe this gift of life.

VOLTAIRE. *Traité sur la Tolérance*
(trans. A. S.)

Perpetual Peace in Europe

I am quite sure that many readers will be well armed with incredulity against the advances of my argument. Such people deserve our pity, for they fall into a great error in mistaking obstinacy for wisdom. I am going to behold, as in a vision, mankind living together in unity and good will. I am going to imagine a delightful and peaceful society of brothers, living in continuous harmony, all guided by the same principles, all happy in a common happiness. Conjuring up so touching a picture, I shall enjoy the momentary taste of a happiness which has not yet been realized.

The feelings which fill my heart have prompted these opening words. Let us now see what cool reason can do. I am determined to assert nothing which I cannot prove, and consequently I have the right to expect the reader in his turn not to deny anything he is unable to refute; for I am not so much afraid of logicians as of those people who refuse to accept my proofs but are unwilling to state their objections.

Only a short consideration of the ways and means of perfecting the government of any state is necessary to enable one to see those difficulties and hindrances which arise, not so much from its internal arrangements, as from its external relations. As things now stand, the greater part of that energy which ought to be applied to internal administration has to be devoted to the defence of the state; and we are more careful to defend ourselves from other people than to improve our own institutions. If the social order were (as is pretended) the result of men's reason rather than that of their passions, we should have found out long ago that either too much or too little has been done for our happiness. We are each of us in the civil state with our fellow-citizens and in the state of nature with the rest of the world. We have stifled private feuds only to fan the flame of public wars a thousand times

more terrible. Mankind, by gathering itself into groups, has become its own enemy. . .

The invention of printing and the consequent general taste for literature which has caused common European studies and learning; the large number and the small size of the European states; the desire for luxury; the variety of climate—all these things combine to make the various peoples necessary to each other. Europe is not merely a fancied collection of peoples with only a common name, like Asia or Africa, but a real society which has its own religion, manners, customs, and even laws, and from which not one of the peoples composing it can separate without causing disorder.

When one sees the perpetual quarrels, the brigandage, the usurpations, the insurrections, the wars, the murders which continually distress this venerable abode of wisdom, this splendid sanctuary of art and science; and when one thinks of our fine talk and our horrible deeds, so much humanity in thought and so much cruelty in action, a religion so gentle and an intolerance so bloodthirsty, a political system so wise in theory and so harsh in practice, rulers so benevolent and people so miserable, governments so mild and wars so cruel, one hardly knows how to reconcile these strange contradictions; and this supposed brotherhood of the European peoples seems to be now only a term of derision to express ironically their mutual hostility.

ROUSSEAU. *Projet de Paix perpétuelle de*
M. L'Abbé de Saint-Pierre (trans. A. S.)

Degrees of Culture

National hatred is something peculiar. You will find it strongest and most violent when there is the least degree of culture. But there is a degree where it vanishes altogether,

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and where a person stands to a certain extent *above* nations, and feels the weal or woe of a neighbouring people as if it had happened to his own.

GOETHE. *Conversations with Eckermann*
(trans. John Oxenford)

The Divine Image

To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
All pray in their distress;
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
Is God, our Father dear,
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
Is Man, His child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart,
Pity a human face,
And Love, the human form divine,
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine,
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form,
In Heathen, Turk, or Jew;
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell
There God is dwelling too.

BLAKE

A Great Secret

The great secret of morals is Love; or a going out of our own nature, and an identification of ourselves with the beautiful which exists in thought, action, or person, not our own. A man to be greatly good must imagine intensely and comprehensively; he must put himself in the place of another and of many others; the pains and pleasures of his species must become his own.

SHELLEY. *A Defence of Poetry*

Our Unhappy Divisions

If in a minute of forgetfulness there may arise in me a hostile feeling toward a man of another nation, I cannot help, in a calm moment, but recognize this sentiment as false; I cannot justify myself, as I used to do before, by recognizing the superiority of my nation over another, and by the delusions, cruelty, or barbarism of another nation. At the first reminder of it I cannot help but try to be more friendly to a man of another nation than to a countryman of mine.

But I not only know now that my separation from other nations is an evil which ruins my good, I know also the offence which has led me into this evil; and I can no longer, as I used to before, serve it calmly and consciously. I know that this offence consists in the delusion that my good is connected only with the good of my nation and not with the good of the whole world. Now I know that my union with other men cannot be impaired by a border line and by governmental decisions as to my belonging to this nation or to that. Now I know that all men are everywhere equal and brothers.

As I now recall the evil which I did, experienced, and saw in consequence of the enmity of nations, it is clear to me that

the cause of everything was the gross deception called patriotism and love of country. As I recall my education, I now see that the feeling of enmity with other nations, the feeling of separation from them, never existed in me, and that all these evil sentiments were artificially inoculated in me by a senseless education. I now understand the meaning of the words: 'Do good to your enemies; do to them what you would do to your own people. You are all the children of one Father, and be like your Father.' That is, make no division between your nation and another—be alike to all. Now I understand that the good is possible for me only when I recognize the union with all men of the world without any exception.

TOLSTOY. *My Religion*
(trans. Leo Wiener)

Thoughts and Echoes

Absolute individualism is an absurdity. A man may be temporarily isolated in his particular environment, but every one of our thoughts and feelings finds its echo in humanity. The echo will be a resounding one in the case of those men whom the world adopts as its guides and prophets; but this applies to all of us. Every sincere utterance of the soul, every testimony to a personal conviction, has its use for someone—even if the speaker's mouth is stopped by violence or a noose is tightened round his neck. Every spoken word has its own force, which is indestructible. We must put an end to our mocking silence: we are called to speech and action. We are all members one of another, and no effort will be entirely fruitless. We must have faith in truth, seek it and spread it abroad. We must love and serve our fellow-men.

AMIEL. *Journal intime*
(trans. A. S.)

SALUT AU MONDE!

Salut au Monde!

I hear the workman singing, and the farmer's wife singing;
I hear in the distance the sounds of children, and of animals
early in the day;
I hear quick rifle-cracks from the riflemen of East Tennessee
and Kentucky, hunting on hills;
I hear emulous shouts of Australians, pursuing the wild horse;
I hear the Spanish dance, with castanets, in the chestnut
shade, to the rebeck and guitar;
I hear continual echoes from the Thames;
I hear fierce French liberty songs;
I hear of the Italian boat-sculler the musical recitative of
old poems;
I hear the Virginian plantation chorus of negroes, of a harvest
night, in the glare of pine-knots;
I hear the strong barytone of the 'long-shore-men of
Mannahatta;
I hear the stevedores unlading the cargoes, and singing . . .

Each of us is inevitable;
Each of us limitless—each of us with his or her right upon
the earth;
Each of us here as divinely as any is here.

My spirit has passed in compassion and determination around
the whole earth;
I have looked for equals and lovers, and found them ready
for me in all lands;
I think some divine rapport has equalized me with them.

O vapours! I think I have risen with you, and moved away
to distant continents, and fallen down there, for reasons;
I think I have blown with you, O winds;
O waters, I have fingered every shore with you.

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I have run through what any river or strait of the globe has
run through;
I have taken my stand on the bases of peninsulas, and on the
highest embedded rocks, to cry thence
Salut au Monde !

What cities the light or warmth penetrates, I penetrate those
cities myself;
All islands to which birds wing their way, I wing my way
myself.
Toward all
I raise the perpendicular hand—I make the signal,
To remain after me in sight for ever,
From all the haunts and homes of men.

WALT WHITMAN. *Chants Democratic*

A Prophetic Voice

(1865)

Over the carnage rose prophetic a voice—
Be not disheartened—Affection shall solve the problems of
Freedom yet;
Those who love each other shall become invincible . . .
One from Massachusetts shall be a Missourian's comrade;
From Maine and from hot Carolina, and another an
Oregonese, shall be friends triune,
More precious to each other than all the riches of the earth.

To Michigan, Florida perfumes shall tenderly come;
Not the perfumes of flowers, but sweeter, and wafted beyond
death.

It shall be customary in the houses and streets to see manly
affections;

A PROPHETIC VOICE

The most dauntless and rude shall touch face to face lightly;
The dependence of Liberty shall be lovers,
The continuance of Equality shall be comrades.

These shall tie you and band you stronger than hoops of iron;
I, ecstatic, O partners! O lands! with the love of lovers
tie you.

WALT WHITMAN. *Over the Carnage*

Christmas, 1914

We have all read what happened between those opposing armies, and how it came unexpected, undesigned, and yet willed with all the unconscious force of their natures. Not once or twice but again and again we hear of this sudden change upon the night of Christmas Eve, how there was singing upon one side answered by the other, and how the men rose and advanced to meet each other as if they had been released from a spell. Every one who tells of it speaks also of his own wonder as if he had seen a miracle; and some say that the darkness became strange and beautiful with lights as well as music, as if the armies had been gathered together there not for war but for the Christmas feast. Our men, as if from mere habit, began to sing, *Christians, awake!* And then the Christian did awake in English and in Germans, and they were no longer German or English to each other, but men. It was not done by an effort or with fear and suspicion and awkwardness. It happened as if it were a change of weather, the sun coming out after a storm; and when it happened it seemed more natural even than wonderful. What was unnatural was the former state of war in which men had been to each other not men but targets; and now they had come to life for each other, and in a moment they were friends.

A. CLUTTON-BROCK. *More Thoughts on the War*

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Last Words

Life has always been hurried and full of difficulty. This time of rest has been a great mercy. They have all been very kind to me here. But this I would say, standing as I do in view of God and eternity, I realize that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards any one.

EDITH CAVELL (11th October 1915)

Balancing Diversities

We should desire the greatest richness and variety in human life, and try to create a spirit which will balance its diversities rather than try to obliterate them. Pericles praised the Athenians of his time for this, that they listened gladly to others and did not turn sour faces on those who disagreed with them. That is the kind of spirit which should prevail in Europe, and indeed all over the world, a delight in differences of culture, in civilizations, feeling that all these contribute to enrich world culture in a way that a uniformity of life and a standardization on whatever level of prosperity never would. In Nature diversities are balanced by some all-inclusive law in which night and day, heat and cold, centrifugal and centripetal, and all the opposites have their place. We trust far more to a profound sentiment for world peace arising among its peoples, to the awakening of a planetary consciousness, in a feeling for universal brotherhood than to any mechanisms, such as the rationalization of industry, or universal free trade. As that world consciousness awakes it will create its own organization, which will not be, we think, to obliterate differences but to balance them, and to see that justice is done by courts where international disputes can be adjudicated on and their judgments enforced.

GEORGE RUSSELL ('A.E.'). *The Irish Statesman*

The Mental Mountain

If we can only lift ourselves out of the rut of our national prepossessions and selfishness, and go up on to a mental mountain and survey humanity and its problems as a whole, does not our course seem clear? We see our fellow human creatures, men and women and children, just like ourselves, with the same virtues, the same failings, the same striving for better things, the same human hearts. We see some comparatively wise and thoughtful, fortunate and prosperous. We see others ignorant and thoughtless, in misery and squalor. In some areas of the earth we see civilization and progress. In others we see pools of phosphorescent decay just stirring with new life. Yet everywhere there is not co-operation for improvement, but jealousy and strife and war. Is it not obvious that we can none of us really progress until we combine to drain these disease-breeding pools, with education and true knowledge, and to build human ties and constitutional bridges uniting all races and nations? Are we not in reality all one people?

It is really a great adventure which lies before us, if we have eyes to see it. It is an adventure calling for even greater qualities than those needed for fighting a war. There is no risk of our becoming effete if we really attempt it. And it is for the civilized peoples to take the lead.

PHILIP KERR. *The Prevention of War*

The Appeal unto Caesar

The common affairs of mankind are matters to think about as well as to feel about. What distinguishes what we call a 'good' statesman and a 'public-spirited' citizen from their less truly political colleagues is not that they have warmer feelings—there are as many affectionate sons and loving husbands among the tools of politics as among the elect—but the fact that by a resolute use of the related powers of intellect and

imagination they have been able to raise their feelings on to a higher plane and to face great issues with a mind attuned, not to the familiar appeal of hearth and home, but to the grander and more difficult music of humanity. Psychologists are teaching us, in the individual life, how we can 'sublimate' our emotions, when life denies them an outlet on the level of our desire, by raising them to a higher and more rarefied range of feeling and action. As we can sublimate our love of individuals, so we can sublimate our love of country, not quenching or denying our patriotism, but consciously dividing and apportioning it. We must learn to preserve for our blood and nation that precious part of our gift of service which, just because it is intimate and of the family, cannot be offered directly to humanity; but we must learn also the more difficult lesson of transferring to the international stage, the arena where men, because they are men, labour at common tasks and seek a greatest common measure of co-operation, all these interests which safely and rightly belong there. This is the claim and call of the modern Caesar, whether his separate capitals remain, as they are to-day, in London, Paris, Washington, and the other centres of state-sovereignty, or whether mankind can rise, if not in our own day, to the level of a single allegiance. We shall neglect that call at our peril. For, unless we render unto Caesar that which is properly his, unless we discard our unthinking and divisive nationalisms, our noble sentiments will avail us nothing and, in the civil war of the angels, patriotism against patriotism, Mammon and Beelzebub will come into their own. . . More and more men will be driven, if not by reason, then by exploitation and suffering, to learn the lesson of what is still mistakenly thought of as imperialism until they find themselves crying out, with the apostle of the Gentiles, who fought his own battle against nationalism, 'I appeal unto Caesar.'

A. E. ZIMMERN. *The Legacy of Greece*

The Brotherhood of Gardeners

As gardening becomes more universal it will bring men nearer together in feeling and enjoyment. Our greatest pleasures are those we can share with others, and there is nothing more creative of friendship than a common hobby. Life being so short, we are forced to seek the experience of others to add to our limited accumulation, and the garden-owner is now as much occupied with gifts and exchanges as any collector of postage stamps. Already the gates of the great private gardens are being opened to admit strangers every day. Long ago we adopted in English law the negative maxim of the Romans that 'a man must use his property in such a way that he do not injure another.' To-day we would go further and say 'in such a way as to benefit others,' for we have discovered that commandments should be positive. It is not enough, for example, to forgo the use of barbed wire, a thing both ugly and venomous. We must make some contribution to the amenities of our neighbourhood. The brotherhood of our garden city will spread beyond its boundaries.

Remembering how much our gardens have inherited from the past, we shall feel an obligation to those who will come after us, planting here and there a tree which will give no shelter to ourselves or doing some work by which only our successors can benefit. Here, then, is a kind of immortality of which every man may be assured. The brotherhood of the garden is wide enough to include our predecessors, our contemporaries, and our successors. Our gardens will not wither when we ourselves fade if our children are taught to love plants (as they are now taught to love animals) and to remember not only that garden charity begins at home but also that it does not end there.

There is a charming footnote to English history showing that the brotherhood of gardening may exist as an international

affair even in time of war. The Empress Josephine, ending her days in lonely splendour at Malmaison, found happiness among her flowers. While the French and English were fighting each other, the King of England granted a passport to 'Mr Kennedy, of Hammersmith,' to go and come as he pleased in order that he might supervise the planning and planting of the gardens at Josephine's château. It is said that when drums speak laws are silent; but the law of garden brotherhood has a persistent voice.

ARTHUR STANLEY. *The Book of the Garden*

A French Point of View

I have German friends as I have French, Italian, and English friends, and friends of every race. They are my wealth: I am proud of it and keep it. When one has had the good fortune to meet in this world loyal souls with whom one shares one's most intimate thoughts, and with whom one has formed bonds of brotherly union, such bonds are sacred, and not to be broken asunder in the hour of trial. He would be a coward who timidly ceased to own them, in order to obey the insolent summons of a public opinion which has no right over the heart. . .

The true man of culture is not he who makes of himself and his ideal the centre of the universe, but who looking around him sees, as in the sky the stream of the Milky Way, thousands of little flames which flow with his own; and who seeks neither to absorb them nor to impose upon them his own course, but to give himself the religious persuasion of their value and of the common source of the fire by which all alike are fed. Intelligence of the mind is nothing without that of the heart. It is nothing also without good sense and humour—good sense which shows to every people and to every being their place in

the universe—and humour which is the critic of misguided reason, the soldier who, following the chariot to the Capitol, reminds Caesar in his hour of triumph that he is bald.

ROMAIN ROLLAND. *Above the Battle*
(trans. C. K. Ogden)

Co-operation

The love of man is essentially an affair between fellow-workers and not between neighbours merely. As a mere spectacle to be gazed upon there is no virtue in our neighbour's existence to kindle our love of him, no matter whether the scene of his goings-on be displayed on the other side of the wall or on the other side of the globe. Love at first sight, the knitting of the bond in the mutual glance of two apparitions suddenly confronting one another in the field of vision, might seem to prove the contrary; but even that interesting phenomenon, if we attend to the reality of it, is not unconnected with the fact that a co-operative business, of profound significance, has been assigned to the lovers from the foundation of the world—'male and female created He them' and named the honourable transactions expected of them in their male and female relationship. This may be universalized. Without a co-operative transaction, loyally and competently fulfilled, the love of man is a waning and a vanishing force.

Co-operation is often presented as a method of economizing energy in the attainment of human ends. And so it certainly is when compared with the opposite condition of disorganized effort. But this statement of its nature will be misunderstood if we take it to mean, as we often do, that human life becomes morally less exacting in proportion as co-operative conditions are attained. It becomes more exacting. To attain co-

operation is by no means to give the human will a holiday. It furnishes the will with a new task and challenges the activity of it on higher and more difficult ground, that, namely, of sustaining and continually vitalizing the organized life that has been called into existence—the service, one might say, of the co-operative principle itself. It implies the continuous self-mastery of the co-operating individuals. A united civilization—co-operation in its widest form—would be a civilization in the highest conceivable state of moral energy. And this energy would not be supplied, and supplied for nothing, from some external source in the general reservoirs of the universe, ‘laid on’ from there like electricity or water power. It would have to be generated by the continual self-affirmation of the wills of the co-operating members and could have no other source.

L. P. JACKS. *The Art of Living Together*

A Field for Friendship

Two great systems cover all the earth and touch every living being on it. The first is made up of institutions, the vast network of political states, national governments, economic organizations, with their communisms and capitalisms, their fascisms and democracies. It is this system of institutions that obsesses our thought to-day. It is immensely important. Consider, then, the parallel importance of another system which also covers all the earth. For under, and through, and around the network of institutions runs the vast network of individual relationships. No national boundaries can dam them up. No economic system can shut them in. No class lines can keep them out. Empires rise and fall but they go on. These two systems, I say, cover all the earth and touch every human being on it. And whatever we may or may not

A FIELD FOR FRIENDSHIP

be able to do with the first, there is no doubt what we can do with the second. Every day we can pour friendship into the vast intermeshed network of personal relations.

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK. *Making
the most of Friendship*

A World-wide Fellowship

The time has come for an attempt to be made to form a world-wide fellowship based on mutual recognition of every living person's human and spiritual value, irrespective of class or creed or party or nationality. From that would inevitably in time develop everything we hope and pray for—international understanding, sympathy, co-operation in common problems, friendship, freedom from fear, brotherhood; in fact, the real moral rearmament which is the only lasting security against war.

But it would be useless to embark upon such a great crusade without clearly recognizing the essential conditions of success. Those who undertake it must be prepared to be sincere and honest exponents in practice of the doctrine of unselfishness and charity which they preach.

Our immediate and urgent object should be to strive earnestly to foster international understanding. If contact were established between groups of persons in different countries, a fellowship of friendship could, we are confident, be created with ever-widening circles of comprehensiveness.

Is there any one who would venture to set bounds to what in time might grow out of establishing between the peoples of the world personal touch and mutual confidence, the sharing of aspirations, the frank exchange of views?

Manifesto of British Labour Leaders,
24th October 1938

The Way of Toleration

By way of tolerance we may get our first sight of that remedy for our present ills, which is suggested by the phrase, 'the sense of community.' Left to himself man feels kinship with the whole universe. Children feel it. Child-races feel it. Peasants feel it. The sense of community is latent in the hearts of men.

What is first required is such a reorientation of thought as shall find expression in practice. And the beginning of it all derives from the spirit of religious and political tolerance. During the past century science has developed, *inter alia*, means of communication throughout the world that our immediate ancestors could only regard as miraculous. So far we have not looked for any underlying purpose in this amazingly swift growth of mechanical ingenuity, but surely we may find the secret of that generative impulse in the fact that it may become the means of breaking down all racial barriers. For this spirit of tolerance must beget nothing less than the desire for world-community. It may begin in our own home, but if it is truly practised there it must spread, to embrace at last the whole world of men. It is a tolerance that must cover all differences in its realization of likeness, overriding racial, religious, political, and personal prejudices in its search for that latent mysticism, the feeling of kinship with the whole universe which is our common heritage.

ANONYMOUS. *The Times Literary Supplement*,
8th April 1939

IV. JOY

Contentment is the domain of wealth and pleasure, of peace and rest. The contented man is happy and at peace even though his bed is the bare ground; while the man who knows not the secret of being content is not satisfied even when dwelling in heavenly places.

YUIGYŌKYŌ

All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

SHAKESPEARE. *King Richard II*

Sun, and sky, and breeze, and solitary walks, and summer holidays and the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes and society, and the cheerful glass, and candlelight, and fireside conversations, and innocent vanities, and jests, and *irony itself*—do these things go out with life?

CHARLES LAMB. *New Year's Eve*

The Old Roman Farmer

(B.C. 45)

In the pleasures of agriculture I find incredible delight; they are not one whit checked by old age, and are, it seems to me, in the highest degree suited to the life of the wise man. What I enjoy is not the fruit alone; I also enjoy the soil itself, its nature and its power. It takes the scattered grain of wheat within its soft, upturned breast, hides it from sight at first, then, having warmed it with the heat of its embrace, expands it and from it brings forth a verdant blade, which, supported by fibrous roots, and maturing by degrees, stands erect upon its jointed stalk, enfolded in a sheath, when now, so to speak, it has arrived at man's estate; and, when it has emerged from the sheath, the ear comes to view with its grain in ordered rows and protected by a palisade of spikes against the attacks of the smaller birds.

Why should I mention the origin, cultivation, and growth of the vine? But, that you may know what affords the recreation and delight of my old age, I will say that vine-culture gives me a joy of which I cannot get too much. For I pass over the inherent force of all those things which are generated from the earth—a force that, from the tiny fig-seed, or grape-stone, or from the smallest seeds of other fruits and plants, can produce such mighty trunks and boughs. Are not the results obtained from mallet-shoots, sprouts, cuttings, divisions, and layers enough to afford wonder and delight to any man? The vine which droops by nature and falls to the ground unless it has support, raises itself by its finger-like tendrils and enfolds in its embrace the props that hold it up; and as it turns and twists with many a varying course the skilful gardener with his

JOY

pruning knife checks its growth lest it run to wood and spread too far. So, in early spring, the branches which are left at every joint bring forth a bud, from which the grape, offspring of this bud, appears, growing with the moisture of the earth and the heat of the sun; and though at first it is very bitter to the taste, it afterwards becomes sweet as it ripens; and, enwrapped in foliage, it has no lack of tempered warmth and turns aside the more ardent glances of the sun. What, I ask, can be more delicious to the taste or more alluring to the eye?

Indeed, it is not only the utility of the vine that gives me joy, but I find joy also in its culture and very nature; in the even-spaced rows of stakes, with strips across the top; in the tying up of the branches; in the propagating of the plants; in the pruning of some branches, and in the leaving of others to grow at will.

Nor does the farmer find joy only in his cornfields, meadows, vineyards, and woodlands, but also in his garden and orchard, in the rearing of his cattle, in his swarms of bees, and in the infinite variety of flowers. And not only does planting delight him, but grafting also, than which there is nothing in husbandry that is more ingenious. For my part, at least, I am inclined to think that no life can be happier than that of the farmer, not merely from the standpoint of the duty performed, which benefits the entire human race, but also because of its charm already mentioned, and the plenty and abundance it gives of everything that tends to the nurture of man and even to the worship of the gods. Nothing can be more abounding in usefulness or more attractive in appearance than a well-tilled farm, and to its enjoyment old age not merely offers no obstacle, but even entices and allures. For where else can the old man find more genial warmth of sun or fire, and, on the other hand, where in summer-time can he more healthfully cool himself with shade and running streams? Let others, then, have their weapons, their horses and their spears, their fencing-foils and games of ball, their swimming contests and

foot-races, and out of many sports leave us old fellows our dice and knuckle-bones. Or take away the dice-box too, if you will, since old age can be happy without it.

CICERO. *De Senectute* (trans. W. A. Falconer
—Loeb Classical Library, abridged)

Fancies and Imaginations

Such as thy thoughts and ordinary cogitations are, such will be thy mind in time. For the soul doth, as it were, receive its tincture from the fancies and imaginations. Dye it therefore and thoroughly soak it with the assiduity of these cogitations. As, for example—wheresoever thou mayest live, there it is in thy power to live well and happy.

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The true joy of a man is to do that which properly belongs unto a man. That which is most proper unto a man is, first, to be kindly affected towards them that are of the same kind and nature as he is himself; to condemn all sensual motions and appetites; discern rightly all plausible fancies and imaginations; to contemplate the nature of the universe, both it and the things that are done in it. In which kind of contemplation three several relations are to be observed. The first, to the apparent secondary cause. The second, to the original cause, God, from whom originally proceeds whatsoever doth happen in the world. The third and last, to them that we live and converse with—what use may be made of it to their use and benefit.

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To live happily is an inward power of the soul, when she is affected with indifferency towards those things that are by their

JOY

nature indifferent. To be thus affected she must consider all worldly objects both divided and whole, remembering withal that no object can of itself beget any opinion in us, neither can come to us, but stands without, still and quiet; but that we ourselves beget and, as it were, print in ourselves opinions concerning them.

Now, it is in our power not to print them; and if they creep in and lurk in some corner, it is in our power to wipe them off. Remember, moreover, that this care and circumspection of thine is to continue but for a while, and then thy life will be at an end. And what should hinder but that thou mayest do well with all these things? For if they be according to nature rejoice in them, and let them be pleasing and acceptable unto thee. But if they be against nature, seek thou that which is according to thine own nature, and whether it be for thy credit or no, use all possible speed for the attainment of it; for no man ought to be blamed for seeking his own good and happiness.

MARCUS AURELIUS. *The Golden Book*
(trans. Meric Casaubon)

A Chinese Magistrate

[The poet abandons an uncongenial office and retires to his neglected home in the country.]

Homewards I bend my steps. My fields, my gardens, are choked with weeds. Should I not go? My soul has led a bondsman's life. Why should I remain to pine? But I will waste no grief upon the past—I will devote my energies to the future. I have not wandered far astray. I feel that I am on the right track once again.

Lightly, lightly, speeds my boat along, my garments fluttering to the gentle breeze. I inquire my route as I go. I grudge the slowness of the dawning day. From afar I descry

my old home, and joyfully press onwards in my haste. The servants rush forth to meet me; my children cluster at the gate. The place is a wilderness; but there is the old pine tree and my chrysanthemums. I take the little ones by the hand, and pass in. Wine is brought in full jars, and I pour out in brimming cups. I gaze out at my favourite branches. I loll against the window in my new-found freedom. I look at the sweet children on my knee.

And now I take my pleasure in my garden. There is a gate, but it is rarely opened. I lean on my staff as I wander about to sit down to rest. I raise my head and contemplate the lovely scene. Clouds rise, unwilling, from the bottom of the hills; the weary bird seeks its nest again. Shadows vanish, but still I linger around my lovely pine. Home once more! I 'll have no friendships to distract me hence. The times are out of joint for me; and what have I to seek from men? In the pure enjoyment of the family circle I will pass my days, cheering my idle hours with lute and book. My husbandmen will tell me when spring-time is nigh, and when there will be work in the furrowed fields. Thither I shall repair by cart or by boat, through the deep gorge, over the dizzy cliff, trees bursting merrily into leaf, the streamlet swelling from its tiny source. Glad is this renewal of life in due season; but for me, I rejoice that my journey is over.

T'AO CH' IEN (from a fourth-century poem
—trans. H. A. Giles)

Praise

Praised be Thou, O Lord, of all Thy creatures, and above all of Brother Sun, my Lord, that doth illumine us with the dawning of the day. For fair he is and bright, and the brightness of his glory doth signify Thee, O Thou most Highest!

JOY

Praised be Thou, O my Lord, of Sister Moon and the Stars that Thou hast shapen in the heavens, bright and precious and comely.

Praised be Thou, O my Lord, of Brother Wind and the air, of the clouds and the clear, and of all the times of the sky whereby Thou dost make provision for Thy creatures.

Praised be Thou, O my Lord, of Sister Water, for manifold is her use, and humble is she and precious and chaste.

Praised be Thou, O my Lord, of Brother Fire, by whom Thou dost lighten our darkness, and comely is he and joyful and masterful and strong.

Praised be Thou, O my Lord, of Sister Earth our mother, that doth cherish us and hath us in keeping, and doth bring forth food in abundance and flowers of many colours and the grass.

Praised be Thou, O my Lord, of them that do show forgiveness unto others for love of Thee, and do endure sickness and tribulation. Yea, blessed be they that do endure in peace; for of Thee, O Thou most Highest, shall they be crowned.

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI. *Speculum Perfectionis*
(trans. Sebastian Evans)

The Power of Music

Orpheus with his lute made trees
And the mountain tops that freeze
Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads and then lay by.

THE POWER OF MUSIC

In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

SHAKESPEARE

Song of the Greenwood

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

SHAKESPEARE

Song of Autolycus

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

JOY

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king . . .

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

SHAKESPEARE

The Promise of May

PISCATOR. You are well overtaken, gentlemen, a good morning to you both; I have stretched my legs up Tottenham Hill to overtake you, hoping your business may occasion you towards Ware, whither I am going this fine fresh May morning.

VENATOR. Sir, I for my part shall almost answer your hopes; for my purpose is to drink my morning's draught at the Thatch'd-house in Hodsden, and I think not to rest till I come thither, where I have appointed a friend or two to meet me; but for this gentleman that you see with me, I know not how far he intends his journey; he came so lately into my company that I have scarcely had time to ask him the question.

AUCEPS. Sir, I shall by your favour bear you company as far as Theobald's, and there leave you; for then I turn up to a friend's house, who mews a hawk for me, which I now long to see.

VENATOR. Sir, we are all so happy as to have a fine, fresh, cool morning, and I hope we shall each be the happier in the other's company. And, gentlemen, that I may not lose yours, I shall either abate or amend my pace to enjoy it; knowing

that, as the Italians say, good company in a journey makes the way to seem shorter.

AUCEPS. It may do so, sir, with the help of good discourse, which, methinks, we may promise from you, that both look and speak so cheerfully; and for my part I promise you, as an invitation to it, that I will be as free and open-hearted as discretion will allow me to be with strangers.

VENATOR. And, sir, I promise the like.

IZAAK WALTON. *The Compleat Angler*

The Secret of Delight

Punish not thyself with pleasure; glut not thy sense with palative delights; nor revenge the contempt of temperance by the penalty of satiety. Were there an age of delight or any pleasure durable, who would not honour Volupia? But the race of delight is short, and pleasures have mutable faces. The pleasures of one age are not pleasures in another, and their lives fall short of our own. Even in our sensual days the strength of delight is in its seldomness or rarity, and sting in its satiety; mediocrity is its life and immoderacy its confusion. The luxurious emperors of old inconsiderately satiated themselves with the dainties of sea and land till wearied through all varieties, their refectations became a study unto them, and they were fain to feed by invention. Novices in true Epicurism! which by mediocrity, paucity, quick and healthful appetite, makes delights smartly acceptable; whereby Epicurus himself found Jupiter's brain in a piece of Cytheridian cheese and the tongues of nightingales in a dish of onions. Hereby healthful and temperate poverty hath the start of nauseating luxury; unto whose clear and naked appetite every meal is a feast, and in one single dish the first course of Metellus; who are cheaply hungry and never lose their hunger or advantage of a craving

JOY

appetite, because obvious food contents it; while Nero, half famished, could not feed upon a piece of bread, and lingering after his snowed water, hardly got down an ordinary cup of calda.

By such circumscriptions of pleasure the contemned philosophers reserved unto themselves the secret of delight, which the gluttons of those days lost in their exorbitances. In vain we study delight. It is at the command of every sober mind, and in every sense born with us; but Nature, who teacheth us the rule of pleasure, instructeth also in the bounds thereof and where its line expieth. And therefore temperate minds, not pressing their pleasures until the sting appeareth, enjoy their contentations contentedly and without regret, and so escape the folly of excess, to be pleased unto displacency.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. *Christian Morals*

At a Solemn Music

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mixed power employ,
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce;
And to our high-raised phantasy present
That undisturbèd song of pure concent,
Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee;
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the Cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly:

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC

That we on Earth, with undiscording voice,
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportioned sin
Jarred against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O, may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
To his celestial consort us unite,
To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light!

MILTON

Thoughts in a Garden

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their uncessant labours see
Crowned from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flowers and trees do close
To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy sister dear!
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men:
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow:
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude. . . .

JOY

What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

ANDREW MARVELL

Contentment

All the real pleasures and conveniences of life lie in a narrow compass; but it is the humour of mankind to be always looking forward, and straining after one who has got the start of them in wealth and honour. For this reason, as there are none can properly be called rich who have not somewhat more than they want; there are few rich men in any of the politer nations but those who are among the middle sort of people, who keep their wishes always within their fortunes, and have more wealth than they know how to enjoy. Persons of a higher rank live at best in a kind of splendid poverty, and are perpetually wanting, because, instead of acquiescing in the solid pleasures of life, they endeavour to outvie one another in

shadows and appearances. Men of sense have at all times beheld with a great deal of mirth this silly game that is playing over their heads, and, by contracting their desires, enjoy all that secret satisfaction which others are always in quest of. The truth is, this ridiculous chase after imaginary pleasures cannot be sufficiently exposed, as it is the great source of all those evils which generally undo a nation. Let a man's estate be what it will, he is a poor man if he does not live within it, and naturally sets himself to sale to any one that can give him his price. When Pittacus, after the death of his brother, who had left him a good estate, was offered a great sum of money by the King of Lydia, he thanked him for his kindness, but told him he had already more by half than he knew what to do with. In short, content is equivalent to wealth, and luxury to poverty; or, to give the thought a more agreeable turn, *content is natural wealth*, says Socrates. To which I shall add, *luxury is artificial poverty*. I shall therefore recommend to the consideration of those who are always aiming after superfluous and imaginary enjoyments, and will not be at the trouble of contracting their desires, an excellent saying of Bion the philosopher, namely that no man has so much care as he who endeavours after the most happiness.

In the second place, every one ought to reflect how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. The former consideration took in all those who are sufficiently provided with the means to make themselves easy: this regards such as actually lie under some pressure or misfortune. These may receive great alleviation from such a comparison as the unhappy person may make between himself and others, or between the misfortune which he suffers, and greater misfortunes which might have befallen him.

I like the story of the honest Dutchman, who, upon breaking his leg by a fall from the mainmast, told the standers-by it was a great mercy that it was not his neck. To which, since I am got into quotations, give me leave to add the saying

JOY

of an old philosopher, who, after having invited some of his friends to dine with him, was ruffled by his wife that came into the room in a passion, and threw down the table that stood before them. 'Every one,' says he, 'has his calamity, and he is a happy man that has no greater than this.'

ADDISON. *The Spectator*, No. 574

Different Ways of Happiness

I mentioned Hume's notion, that all who are happy are equally happy—a little miss with a new gown at a dancing-school ball, a general at the head of a victorious army, and an orator after having made an eloquent speech in a great assembly.

JOHNSON. 'Sir, that all who are happy are equally happy is not true. A peasant and a philosopher may be equally *satisfied*, but not equally *happy*. Happiness consists in the multiplicity of agreeable consciousness. A peasant has not capacity for having equal happiness with a philosopher.'

I remember this very question very happily illustrated in opposition to Hume by the Reverend Mr Robert Brown at Utrecht. 'A small drinking-glass and a large one,' said he, 'may be equally full; but the large one holds more than the small.'

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I had learnt from Dr Johnson not to think with a dejected indifference of the works of art and the pleasures of life because life is uncertain and short, but to consider such indifferences as a failure of reason, a morbidness of mind; for happiness should be cultivated as much as we can, and the objects which are instrumental to it should be steadily considered as of importance, with a reference not only to ourselves but to multitudes in successive ages. One moment's being uneasy or not seems of no consequence; yet this may be thought

of the next, and the next, and so on, till there is a large portion of misery. In the same way one must think of happiness, of learning, of friendship. We cannot tell the precise moment when friendship is formed. As in filling a vessel drop by drop, there is at last a drop which makes it run over; so in a series of kindnesses there is at last one which makes the heart run over. We must not divide objects of our attention into minute parts and think separately of each part. It is by contemplating a large mass of human existence that a man, when he sets a just value on his own life, does not think of his death as annihilating all that is great and pleasing in the world. . . . It must be acknowledged, however, that Pope's plaintive reflection, that all things would be as gay as ever on the day of his death, is natural and common. We are apt to transfer to all around us our own gloom, without considering that at any given point of time there is, perhaps, as much youth and gaiety in the world as at another.

BOSWELL. 'I think, sir, you once said to me that not to drink wine was a great deduction from life?'

JOHNSON. 'It is a great diminution of pleasure, to be sure; but I do not say a diminution of happiness. There is more happiness in being rational.'

BOSWELL. 'But if we could have pleasure always, should not we be happy? The greatest part of men would compound for pleasure.'

JOHNSON. 'Supposing we could have pleasure always, an intellectual man would not compound for it. The greatest part of men would compound, because the greatest part of men are gross.'

BOSWELL. 'I allow there may be greater pleasure than from wine. I have had more pleasure from your conversation, I have indeed. I assure you I have.'

Joyful Hopes

[The French Revolution—first phase.]

O pleasant exercise of hope and joy!
 For mighty were the auxiliars which then stood
 Upon our side, us who were strong in love.
 Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
 But to be young was very Heaven. O times,
 In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
 Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
 The attraction of a country in romance,
 When Reason seemed the most to assert her rights
 When most intent on making of herself
 A prime enchantress—to assist the work
 Which then was going forward in her name!
 Not favoured spots alone but the whole Earth
 The beauty wore of promise—that which sets
 (As at some moments might not be unfelt
 Among the bowers of Paradise itself)
 The budding rose above the rose full blown.
 What temper at the prospect did not wake
 To happiness unthought of? The inert
 Were roused, and lively natures rapt away.
 They who had fed their childhood upon dreams
 The play-fellows of fancy, who had made
 All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and strength
 Their ministers,—who in lordly wise had stirred
 Among the grandest objects of the sense,
 And dealt with whatsoever they found there
 As if they had within some lurking right
 To wield it;—they, too, who of gentle mood
 Had watched all gentle motions, and to these
 Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers more mild,
 And in the region of their peaceful selves;—

JOYFUL HOPES

Now was it that both found, the meek and lofty
Did both find helpers to their hearts' desire
And stuff at hand plastic as they could wish,—
Were called upon to exercise their skill,
Not in Utopia, subterranean fields,
Or some secreted island Heaven knows where,
But in the very world, which is the world
Of all of us, the place where in the end
We find our happiness, or not at all.

WORDSWORTH. *The Prelude*, xi

May and December

1. *Dream of a May Morning*

I thought that it was a Sunday morning in May; that it was Easter Sunday, and as yet very early in the morning. I was standing, as it seemed to me, at the door of my own cottage. Right before me lay the very scene which could really be commanded from that situation, but exalted, as was usual, and solemnized by the power of dreams. There were the same mountains, and the same lovely valley at their feet; but the mountains were raised to more than Alpine height, and there was interspace far larger between them of savannahs and forest lawns; the hedges were rich with white roses; and no living creature was to be seen, excepting that in the green churchyard there were cattle tranquilly reposing upon the verdant graves, and particularly round about the grave of a child whom I had once tenderly loved, just as I had really beheld them, a little before sunrise, in the same summer when that child died. I gazed upon the well-known scene, and I said to myself: 'It yet wants much of sunrise; and it is Easter Sunday; and that is the day on which they celebrate the first-fruits of Resurrection. I will walk abroad. Old griefs shall be forgotten

to-day; for the air is cool and still, and the hills are high and stretch away to Heaven; and the churchyard is as verdant as the forest lawns, and the forest lawns are as quiet as the churchyard; and with the dew I can wash the fever from my forehead; and then I shall be unhappy no longer,

2. *An Analysis of Happiness*

Let there be a cottage standing in a valley, eighteen miles from any town; no spacious valley, but about two miles long by three quarters of a mile in average width—the benefit of which provision is that all the families resident within its circle will compose, as it were, one larger household personally familiar to your eye, and more or less interesting to your affections. Let the mountains be real mountains, between three and four thousand feet high, and the cottage a real cottage, not (as a witty author has it) ‘a cottage with a double coach-house’; let it be, in fact (for I must abide by the actual scene), a white cottage embowered with flowering shrubs, so chosen as to unfold a succession of flowers upon the walls and clustering round the windows through all the months of spring, summer, and autumn—beginning, in fact, with May roses and ending with jasmine. Let it, however, *not* be spring nor summer nor autumn; but winter, in its sternest shape. This is a most important point in the science of happiness. And I am surprised to see people overlook it, as if it were matter of congratulation that winter is going, or if coming, is not likely to be a severe one. On the contrary, I put up a petition annually for as much snow, hail, frost, or storm of one kind or other as the skies can possibly afford. Surely everybody is aware of the divine pleasures which attend a winter fireside—candles at four o’clock, warm hearth-rugs, tea, a fair tea-maker, shutters closed, curtains flowing in ample draperies on the floor, whilst the wind and rain are raging audibly without.

All these are items in the description of a winter evening

which surely must be familiar to everybody born in a high latitude. And it is evident that most of these delicacies cannot be ripened without weather stormy or inclement in some way or other. I am not particular whether it be snow or black frost or wind so strong that (as Mr Anti-slavery Clarkson says) 'you may lean your back against it like a post.' I can put up with rain, provided it rains cats and dogs, or (as sailors say) 'great guns and marlinespikes'; but something of the sort I must have; and, if I have it not, I think myself in a manner ill-used. For why am I called on to pay so heavily for winter in coals, candles, etc., if I am not to have the article good of its kind? No—a Canadian winter for my money, or a Russian one, where every man is but a co-proprietor with the north wind in the fee-simple of his own ears. Indeed, so great an epicure am I in this matter that I cannot relish a winter night fully if it be much past St Thomas's Day, and have degenerated into disgusting tendencies towards vernal indications—in fact, it must be divided by a thick wall of dark nights from all return of light and sunshine. Start, therefore, at the first week of November, thence to the end of January (Christmas Eve being the meridian line) you may compute the period when happiness is in season, which in my judgment enters the room with the tea-tray.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY. *Confessions of an
English Opium-eater*

The Skylark's Music

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

JOY

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Match'd with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet, if we could scorn
Hate and pride and fear,
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever could come near.

THE SKYLARK'S MUSIC

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know;
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world would listen then, as I am listening now.

SHELLEY. *To a Skylark*

The Flowery Band

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it can never
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
A bower quiet for us and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching—yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting such a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in, and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season, the mid-forest brake

JOY

Rich with the sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms;
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead,
All lovely tales that we have heard or read,
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor merely do we feel these essences
For one short hour; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
The passion, poesy—glories infinite—
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
They always must be with us, or we die.

KEATS. *Endymion*

In the Lake Country

(1803)

15th April

It was a threatening, misty morning, but mild. We set off after dinner from Eusemere. Mrs Clarkson went a short way with us, but turned back. The wind was furious, and we thought we must have returned. We first rested in the large boathouse, then under a furze bush opposite Mr Clarkson's. Saw the plough going in the field. The wind seized our breath. The lake was rough. There was a boat by itself floating in the middle of the bay below Water Millock. We rested again in the Water Millock Lane. The hawthorns are black and green, the birches here and there greenish, but

there is yet more of purple to be seen on the twigs. We got over into a field to avoid some cows—people working. A few primroses by the roadside—woodsorrel flower, the anemone, scentless violets, strawberries, and that starry yellow flower which Mrs C. calls pile-wort. When we were in the woods beyond Gowbarrow Park we saw a few daffodils close to the water-side. We fancied that the sea had floated the seeds ashore, and that the little colony had so sprung up. But as we went along there were more and yet more; and at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw that there was a long belt of them along the shore, about the breadth of a country turn-pike road. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about and above them; some rested their heads upon these stones, as on a pillow, for weariness; and the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew upon them over the lake; they looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing. This wind blew directly over the lake to them. There was here and there a little knot, and a few stragglers higher up; but they were so few as not to disturb the simplicity, unity, and life of that one busy highway. We rested again and again.

14th May

A very cold morning—hail and snow showers all day. We went to Brothers' Wood, intending to get plants, and to go along the shore of the lake to the foot. We did go a part of the way, but there was no pleasure in stepping along that difficult sauntering road in this ungenial weather. We turned again, and walked backwards and forwards in Brothers' Wood. William tired himself with seeking an epithet for the cuckoo. I sate awhile upon my last summer seat, the mossy stone. William's, unoccupied, beside me, and the space between where Coleridge has so often lain. The oak trees are just putting forth yellow knots of leaves. The ashes with their flowers passing away, and leaves coming out; the blue hyacinth

JOY

is not quite full blown; gowans are coming out; marsh marigolds in full glory; the little star plant, a star without a flower. We took home a great load of gowans, and planted them about the orchard. After dinner I worked bread, then came and mended stockings beside William; he fell asleep. After tea I walked to Rydale for letters. It was a strange night. The hills were covered over with a slight covering of hail or snow, just so as to give them a hoary winter look with the black rocks. . . . O, thought I, what a beautiful thing God has made winter to be, by stripping the trees and letting us see their shapes and forms!

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH. *Journal*

An Excursion to Ettersberg

(1827)

Goethe had invited me to take a drive this morning to the Hottelstedt Ecke, the most western summit of the Ettersberg, and thence to the Ettersberg hunting-lodge. The day was very fine, and we drove early out of the Jacob's Gate. Behind Lützendorf, where the journey was uphill, and we could only drive leisurely, we had an opportunity for various observations. Goethe observed in the hedges a number of birds, and asked me if they were larks. 'Thou great and beloved one,' thought I, 'though thou hast investigated nature as few others have, in ornithology thou appearest a mere child!'

'These are yellow-hammers and sparrows,' returned I. 'It is not in the nature of larks to settle upon bushes.'

We were now upon the height, and drove quickly along. On our right were oaks, beeches, and other leafy trees: Weimar was behind us, but out of sight. We had reached the western height—the broad valley of the Unstrut with many

villages and small towns lay before us in the clearest morning sun.

'This is a good resting-place,' said Goethe, as he ordered the coachman to stop. 'I think we may as well try how a little breakfast would suit us in this good air.'

We alighted, and walked up and down for a few minutes on the dry earth at the foot of some half-grown oaks stunted by many storms, while Frederick unpacked the breakfast we had brought with us and spread it upon a turfy hillock. The view from this spot, in the clear morning light of the autumn sun, was truly magnificent. On the south and south-west we saw the whole range of the Thüringerwald mountains; on the west, beyond Erfurt, the towering Castle Gotha and the Inselsberg; farther north, the mountains behind Langensalza and Mühlhausen, until the view was bounded on the north by the blue Hartz Mountains.

We seated ourselves with our backs against the oak, so that during breakfast we had constantly before us the extensive view over half Thuringia. In the meanwhile we demolished a brace of roast partridges, with new white bread, and drank a flask of very good wine out of a cup of pure gold which Goethe always carried with him on such excursions in a yellow leather case.

'I have very often been in this spot,' said he, 'and of late years I have often thought it would be the last time that I should look down hence on the kingdoms of the world and their glories; but it has happened still once again, and I hope that even this is not the last time that we shall both spend a pleasant day here. We will, in the future, often come hither. One shrinks in the narrow confinement of the house. Here one feels great and free as the great Nature which one has before one's eyes, and as one ought, properly, always to be.'

ECKERMANN. *Conversations with Goethe*
(trans. John Oxenford)

JOY

Fine Days in Switzerland

Mornex, 6th April 1869

A beautiful morning. The Alps are shining through their silver veils. All sorts of sensations have been crowding upon me. . . I am seized with a passionate desire to live—to feel and express my feelings. My youth seems to be coming back to me suddenly with this outburst of poetical feeling, this awakening of the soul, this fresh growth of the wings of desire. I am overpowered by vagabond thoughts of adventure. I forget my age, my drawbacks, my duties, my annoyances. Youth is leaping up as if life were going to begin over again. Something explosive seems to have caught fire: my heart is stirred to its depths. I would devour every possible experience, see everything that is visible anywhere . . . I would embrace the whole world in my arms.

Clarens, 22nd September 1880

A lovely day. When I opened my eyes this morning I beheld the sun in a clear sky. It is now 11 a.m., and for the last four hours I have been bathed in its radiance, exercising all my senses with delight—seeing, hearing, smelling, breathing. I have been sauntering by familiar paths through the countryside to feast my eyes once more on the lake, the hillsides, the orchards, and the mountains. . . I stood on Platinée, looking down on a wonderful panorama of the lake from Catogne to the Jura—a ravishing, an intoxicating sight. My eyes followed the outlines of the mountains and the windings of the shores. I picked out the little villages, the church spires, the castles, the villas. Everything I saw was to be engraved on my memory—the varying effects of light and shade, the vanishing mists, and the jagged rocks, all the

numerous details of the scene—the thrushes, the flies, the bees, the butterflies, the great chestnuts, the little groups of trees surrounding every dwelling, the streams, the plants growing on the walls, the gardens gay with vivid colours of gladiolus, geranium, nasturtium, and oleander, the steamboats and trains in the distance, the carriages on the roads, the slated roofs reflecting the sunlight and looking like chess-boards, the lake of sapphire and gold marked with the wake of the steamboats as they passed, the gulls and crows, the distant sails, the pleasant grass at my feet, the rosy apples and the golden grapes, the picturesque contours of the fields, the lively breeze, the gaiety of everything—all this great outburst of loveliness. I was quite overpowered by these impressions, and it was some time before I recovered myself.

As I came back across the meadows and along the shady pathways I sang for joy like a bird: for I felt an uplifting of the heart which seemed to carry me back to the happy days of childhood.

AMIEL. *Journal intime*
(trans. A. S.)

The Russian Monk

Sometimes, when confronted with evil-doing, one stands perplexed, wondering whether one should use force or love. If you choose love once for all, you may conquer the whole world. Love, humble love, is marvellously powerful. It is the strongest of all things—there is nothing like it.

Look at yourself every moment, and make sure that your image is a seemly one. Perhaps you meet a little child and pass by, thinking ugly thoughts. You may not have noticed the child, but he has seen you; and an image of you, unlovely and ignoble, may have stamped itself on his innocent mind. You

JOY

don't know it, but you may have sown an evil seed, just because your heart was not full of love.

Love can teach you many things; but it is not easy to obtain. It is always dearly bought, for it is only to be won slowly by long labour. And having won it, we must use it, not occasionally or for a moment, but throughout all our life. Every one can love occasionally, even a wicked man can do this.

My brother used to ask the birds to forgive him. That sounds senseless, but it is not. Life is like the sea, always flowing and blending; and a little touch at one place may set up a movement at the other end of the earth. It may seem senseless to ask pardon of the birds; but they would be happier in your neighbourhood—a little happier anyway—and so would children and animals, if you yourself were nobler than you are now. Then you might pray to the birds too, transported by an all-embracing love—pray that they too would forgive you your shortcomings. Treasure then this ecstasy, even if it seems senseless to you.

My friends, pray to God for gladness. Be joyful like the children in their playground, like the birds in the air. Don't let the misdeeds of other men confound you. Don't be afraid that they will be able to hinder you. Don't say: 'Sin is strong, evil environment is overpowering, and we are lonely and helpless.' Put away that dejection, my friends! Then take yourselves in hand and make yourselves responsible for the evil-doers. Once you sincerely accept this responsibility you will come to see that you are indeed to blame for all the evil in the world.

DOSTOEVSKY. *The Brothers Karamazov*
(trans. Anonymous)

Goodness and Gaiety

That the good are gay is a commonplace, and one which, strange to say, is as generally disbelieved as it is, when rightly understood, undeniably true. The good and brave heart is always gay in this sense: that, although it may be afflicted and oppressed by its own misfortunes and those of others, it refuses in the darkest moment to consent to despondency; and thus a habit of mind is formed which can discern in most of its own afflictions some cause for grave rejoicing, and can thence infer at least a probability of such cause in cases where it cannot be discerned. . .

Life is not only joyful, it is joy itself. Life, unhindered by the internal obstruction of vice or the outward obscurations of pain, sorrow, and anxiety, is pure and simple joy; as we have most of us experienced during the few hours of our lives in which, the conscience being free, all bodily and external evils have been removed or are at least quiescent. And, though these glimpses of perfect sunshine are short and far between, the joy of life will not be wholly obscured to us by any external evil, provided the breast is clear of remorse, envy, discontent or any other habitually cherished sin. The opportunities and hindrances of joyful life are pretty fairly distributed among all classes and persons.

COVENTRY PATMORE. *Principle in Art, &c.*

Larks

What voice of gladness, hark!
 In heaven is ringing?
 From the sad fields the lark
 Is upward winging.

JOY

High through the mournful mist that blots our day
Their songs betray them soaring in the grey.

See them! Nay, they
In sunlight swim; above the furthest stain
Of cloud attain; their hearts in music rain
Upon the plain.

Sweet birds, far out of sight
Your songs of pleasure
Dome us with joy as bright
As heaven's best azure.

ROBERT BRIDGES

The Pursuit of Happiness

Happiness is most likely to be attained when it is not the direct object of pursuit. In early youth we are accustomed to divide life broadly into work and play, regarding the first as duty or necessity and the second as pleasure. One of the great differences between childhood and manhood is that we come to like our work more than our play. It becomes to us, if not the chief pleasure, at least the chief interest of our lives, and even when it is not this, an essential condition of our happiness. Few lives produce so little happiness as those that are aimless and unoccupied. Apart from all considerations of right and wrong, one of the first conditions of a happy life is that it should be a full and busy one, directed to the attainment of aims outside ourselves. Anxiety and Ennui are the Scylla and Charybdis on which the bark of human happiness is most commonly wrecked. If a life of luxurious idleness and selfish ease in some measure saves men from the first danger, it seldom fails to bring with it the second. No change of scene, no

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

multiplicity of selfish pleasures will in the long run enable them to escape it. . .

An ideal life would be furnished with abundant work of a kind that is congenial both to our intellects and our characters and that brings with it much interest and little anxiety. Few of us can command this. Most men's work is largely determined for them by circumstances, though in the guidance of life there are many alternatives and much room for skilful pilotage. But the first great rule is that we must do something—that life must have a purpose and an aim—that work should be not merely occasional and spasmodic, but steady and continuous. Pleasure is a jewel which will only retain its lustre when it is in a setting of work, and a vacant life is one of the worst of pains, though the islands of leisure that stud a crowded, well-occupied life may be among the things to which we look back with the greatest delight.

W. E. H. LECKY. *The Map of Life*

Causes of Happiness

Happiness depends more than anything else upon what may be called a friendly interest in persons and things. A friendly interest in persons is a form of affectionateness, but not the form which is grasping and possessive and seeking always an emphatic response. This latter form is very frequently a source of unhappiness. The kind that makes for happiness is the kind that likes to observe people and finds pleasure in their individual traits, that wishes to afford scope for the interests and pleasures of those with whom it is brought into contact without desiring to acquire power over them or to secure their enthusiastic admiration. The person whose attitude towards others is genuinely of this kind will be a source of happiness and a recipient of reciprocal kindness. His relations with

others, whether slight or serious, will satisfy both his interests and his affections; he will not be soured by ingratitude, since he will seldom suffer it and will not notice it when he does. The same idiosyncrasies which would get on another man's nerves to the point of exasperation will be to him a source of gentle amusement. He will achieve without effort results which another man, after long struggles, will find to be unattainable. Being happy in himself, he will be a pleasant companion, and this in turn will increase his happiness.

But all this must be genuine; it must not spring from an idea of self-sacrifice inspired by a sense of duty. A sense of duty is useful in work, but offensive in personal relations. People wish to be liked, not to be endured with patient resignation. To like many people spontaneously and without effort is perhaps the greatest of all sources of personal happiness.

I spoke also of what I call a friendly interest in things. This phrase may perhaps seem forced; it may be said that it is impossible to feel friendly to things. Nevertheless, there is something analogous to friendliness in the kind of interest that a geologist takes in rocks, or an archaeologist in ruins, and this interest ought to be an element in our attitude to individuals or societies. It is possible to have an interest in things which is hostile rather than friendly. A man might collect facts concerning the habitats of spiders because he hated spiders and wished to live where they were few. This kind of interest would not afford the same satisfaction as the geologist derives from his rocks. An interest in impersonal things, though perhaps less valuable as an ingredient in everyday happiness than a friendly attitude towards our fellow creatures, is nevertheless very important. The world is vast and our own powers are limited. If all our happiness is bound up entirely in our personal circumstances it is difficult not to demand of life more than it has to give. And to demand too much is the surest way of getting even less than is possible. The man who can forget his worries by means of a genuine interest in, say, the

Council of Trent, or the life history of stars, will find that, when he returns from his excursion into the impersonal world, he has acquired a poise and calm which enable him to deal with his worries in the best way, and he will in the meantime have experienced a genuine even if temporary happiness.

The secret of happiness is this: let your interests be as wide as possible, and let your reactions to the things and persons that interest you be as far as possible friendly rather than hostile.

BERTRAND RUSSELL. *The Conquest of Happiness*

Easter in the Woods

Wheatham Farm lies on its hill; its hens have laid Easter eggs, and their cries of content float to me through the soft still air, striking their own exotic galline note in the merry Easter concert that pours from the greenwood. What plummy people sing in every grove! What whistling, what warbling, what chiff-chaffing, what lyric sopranos and coloraturas, what shrill sweet zest! Could humanity but sing like this . . .

But I am waiting and listening for a voice long overdue, a voice as yet unheard by me this year. Will it come to-day? The stage is all adorned and set for the entry of this monotonous but enchanting performer; here is blossom and greenwood, soft sunshine and blue shadow, light breezes and sweet air, but he tarries still. The stone-chat ejaculates, sharp and bright, from the furzy common; the wheat-eat nods and flirts and says 'Chak, chak'; the ring ousel sings, wild and gay, doing, no doubt, his marriage dance in the patch of moory grass above the wood; the blackbird, already settled, a householder, mellowly and with prosperous dignity whistles a tune; the nightingale jugs, the robin warbles, the wren tweets, the goldcrest (or is it a long-tailed tit?) zee-zee-zees, the Dartford Warbler pittews, the hedge-sparrow chirrups, the linnet

JOY

trills. At least, this is what I believe that I am hearing; the sum of it, anyhow, is the finest merry melodious canticle you can hear in a Hampshire Easter week. And then, from the brown heart of Roundabout Copse, breaks the cry, high, far and clear, of the roving bully who is just arrived for his season of pleasure and increase in these islands after his African tour, and carelessly brags the freedom of himself and spouse from household cares, from the tedium of domesticity, from the trouble of parenthood. . . Life is no trouble to cuckoos; *solvitur cantando*. Their gay boast rings over the April woods like bells, ringing in the merry summer. First far, then drifting nearer, from Roundabout to Hazel Holt, from Hazel Holt to Naps Copse, and so across the dell to Wheatham Hanger, and then all over and about the wood, *cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo*, so negligently, boldly gay, as if they mocked, as well they may, the chorus of little warblers, the future foster-parents of their, as yet, unlaied young. *Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo!* the cry drifts westward, away and away towards Juniper Hanger. Follow it through the greening woods, up sweet dim twisting paths, among the alders and the great bare budding beeches and the young slim birches springing green, rustling through the deep brown pile of the beech carpet (laid last autumn, and overlaid with the green running pattern of agrimony), by ancient chalk-pits and brown bare ridges hawthorn green, across the deep grass-track of Old Litten Lane, and so to the wild sweep of Juniper Hanger, where it climbs above the Oakshotts against a shifting sea-hued sky. The cuckoo is away now, following his private ploys somewhere in Happer-snapper woods, but he has left the spring behind him, its gay bravery and the eternal dip-and-come-up of the dauntless resurrecting Easter world, with its cowslips, its singing, and its dancing sun.

ROSE MACAULAY. *Personal Pleasures*

Mountain Travel

To me, peace, which is the quintessence of travel, is to be discovered only through the use of my own legs. I believe that much of the unrest in the world to-day may be directly attributed to the ousting of the human element by machinery. Machinery is becoming the master instead of remaining the servant of mankind. There is much more in walking than I ever suspected. It is the natural, simple, and happy form of locomotion.

Ours was a peaceful journey through Tyrol. There was peace in the hills and in ourselves. There is an independence in such travel. No mechanism determines the day's progress save the mechanism of Nature. Food and shelter are the only requirements. Simplicity is the keynote. No scheme of feverish action intrudes into the peaceful future; no elaborate time-table needs to be fulfilled.

It is a healing experience. Worries great and small are eliminated from the mind. The whorls and corners are smoothed out. The traveller looks back dispassionately on the little perplexities that constitute his ordinary life and marvels that he should have taken such account of them. Through the very simplicity of his day-to-day existence he sees with rare insight into the heart of things that puzzle men. The lessons of simplicity are ever before him, and he learns that happiness is dependent on simple living and good will between men. He sees this simplicity in the quietness of Nature; good will await him at the end of the day in some hut or inn. He learns also the value of companionship; of having a friend to whom he may unburden himself of his thoughts.

Beauty he sees anew through the medium of a healthful body and a healthful mind. Discomfort is his on occasion. He is wetted by rain, frozen by cold, and scorched by strong suns,

JOY

but there is nothing here he would not willingly endure again if only a tithe of the pleasure could be recaptured. His memories are more precious than gold.

F. S. SMYTHE. *Over Tyrolese Hills*

An undiscovered Valley

Cricketers on village greens, haymakers in the evening sunshine, small boats that sail before the wind—all these create in me the illusion of happiness, as if a land of cloudless pleasure, a piece of the old Golden World, were hidden, not (as poets have fancied) in far seas or beyond inaccessible mountains, but here close at hand, if one could find it, in some undiscovered valley. Certain grassy lanes seem to lead through the copses thither; the wild pigeons talk of it behind the woods.

LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH. *All Trivia*

Sweet Content

Oh, sweet content, that turns the labourer's sweat
To tears of joy, and shines the roughest face;
How often have I sought you high and low,
And found you still in some lone quiet place;

Here, in my room, when full of happy dreams,
With no life heard beyond that merry sound
Of moths that on my lighted ceiling kiss
Their shadows as they dance and dance around;

Or in a garden, on a summer's night,
When I have seen the dark and solemn air
Blink with the blind bats' wings, and heaven's bright face
Twitch with the stars that shine in thousands there.

W. H. DAVIES

V. GENTLENESS

There are certain things which I cherish and prize: the
gentleness. This is the way of the Sage, in whose acts there first is
element of strife.

LAO-TZŪ

If one tries to end strife by strife, there will be strife for ever.
Forbearance alone can end strife, and this is truly a precious law.

CHŪAGONKYŌ

What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*

A Rebuke from Jupiter

Even as a gloomy mist appeareth from the clouds when after heat a stormy wind ariseth, even so to Tydeus' son Diomedes brazen Ares appeared amid clouds, faring to wide heaven. Swiftly came he to the gods' dwelling, steep Olympus, and sat beside Zeus son of Kronos with grief at heart, and showed the immortal blood flowing from the wound, and piteously spake winged words: 'Father Zeus, hast thou no indignation to behold these violent deeds?' . . .

Then Zeus the cloud-gatherer looked sternly at him and said: 'Nay, thou renegade, sit not by me and whine. Most hateful to me art thou of all gods that dwell in Olympus: thou ever lovest strife and wars and battles. Truly thy mother's spirit is intolerable, unyielding, even Hera's; her can I scarce rule with words. Therefore I deem that by her prompting thou art in this plight. Yet will I no longer endure to see thee in anguish; mine offspring art thou, and to me thy mother bare thee. But wert thou born of any other god unto this violence, long ere this hadst thou been lower than the sons of heaven.'

So spake he and bade Paieon heal him. And Paieon laid assuaging drugs upon the wound and healed him; seeing he was verily of no mortal substance. Even as fig juice maketh haste to thicken white milk, that is liquid but curdleth speedily as a man stirreth, even so swiftly healed he impetuous Ares. And Hebe bathed him, and clothed him in gracious raiment, and he sate down by Zeus son of Kronos, glorying in his might.

Then fared the twain back to the mansion of great Zeus, even Hera of Argos and Alalkomenean Athene, having stayed Ares, scourge of mortals, from his man-slaying.

HOMER. *Iliad*, v
(trans. Lang, Leaf, and Myers)

A Tear for Argos

Lo, a hound raised up his head and pricked his ears, even where he lay, Argos, the hound of Odysseus, of the hardy heart, which of old himself had bred, but had got no joy of him, for ere that he went to sacred Ilios. Now in time past the young men used to lead the hound against wild goats and deer and hares; but as then despised he lay (his master being afar) in the deep dung of mules and kine, whereof an ample bed was spread before the doors, till the thralls of Odysseus should carry it away to dung therewith his wide demesne. There lay the dog Argos, full of vermin. Yet even now when he was ware of Odysseus standing by, he wagged his tail and dropped both his ears, but nearer to his master he had not now the strength to draw. But Odysseus looked aside and wiped away a tear that he easily hid from Eumaeus, and straightway he asked him, saying:

‘Eumaeus, verily this is a great marvel, this hound lying here in the dung. Truly he is goodly of growth, but I know not certainly if he have speed with this beauty, or if he be comely only, like as are men’s trencher dogs that their lords keep for the pleasure of the eye.’

Then didst thou make answer, swineherd Eumaeus:

‘In very truth this is the dog of a man that has died in a far land. If he were what once he was in limb and in the feats of the chase, when Odysseus left him to go to Troy, soon wouldst thou marvel at the sight of his swiftness and his strength. There was no beast that could flee from him in the deep places of the wood, when he was in pursuit; for even on a track he was the keenest hound. But now he is holden in an evil case, and his lord hath perished far from his own country, and the careless women take no charge of him. . .’

Therewith he passed within the fair-lying house, and went

A TEAR FOR ARGOS

straight to the hall, to the company of the proud wooers. But upon Argos came the fate of black death even in the hour that he beheld Odysseus again, in the twentieth year.

HOMER. *Odyssey*, xvii
(trans. Butcher and Lang)

For Aristomenes of Aegina

Kindly Goddess of Peace, daughter of Justice, that makest cities great; thou that holdest the master-keys of councils and of wars, receive from Aristomenes the honour due for a Pythian victory; for thou knowest with perfect fitness the secret of gentleness, both in giving, and in taking.

And yet, whenever any man hurleth into his heart relentless wrath, rudely confronting the strength of thine enemies, thou plungest Insolence in the brine. Thy power Porphyryon¹ did not know, when he provoked thee beyond all measure, yet gain is best, whenever one getteth it from the home of a willing giver. But violence overthroweth the braggart at the last. . .

Short is the space of time in which the happiness of mortal men groweth up, and even so, doth it fall to the ground when stricken down by adverse doom. Creatures of a day, what is any one? what is he not? Man is but a dream of a shadow; but, when a gleam of sunshine cometh as a gift of Heaven, a radiant light resteth on men, aye and a gentle life.

PINDAR. *Pythian Odes*, viii
(trans. Sir John Sandys—Loeb Classical Library)

¹ The king of the giants, who fought against the gods, and was slain by Zeus and Heracles.

Against Anger

How prone and eager we are in our hatred, and how backward in our love! Were it not much better to be making of friendships, pacifying of enemies, doing of good offices both public and private, than to be still meditating of mischief and designing how to wound one man in his fame, another in his fortune, a third in his person—the one being so easy, innocent, and safe, and the other so difficult, impious, and hazardous! Nay, take a man in chains and at the foot of his oppressor. How many are there who, even in this case, have maimed themselves in the heat of their violence upon others!

This untractable passion is much more easily kept out than governed when it is once admitted; for the stronger will give laws to the weaker and make reason a slave to the appetite. It carries us headlong, and in the course of our fury we have no more command of our minds than we have of our bodies down a precipice. When once they are in motion there is no stop till they come to the bottom. Not but that it is possible for a man to be warm in winter and not to sweat in summer, either by benefit of the place or the hardiness of the body; and in like manner we may provide against anger. But certain it is that virtue and vice can never agree in the same subject; and one may as well be a sick man and a sound at the same time, as a good man and an angry. Beside, if we will needs be quarrelsome, it must be either with our superior, our equal or inferior. To contend with our superior is folly and madness, with our equals it is doubtful and dangerous, and with our inferiors 'tis base. Nor does any man know but that he that is now our enemy may come hereafter to be our friend. And what can be more honourable or comfortable than to exchange a feud for a friendship? The people of Rome never had more faithful allies than those that were at first the most obstinate enemies; neither had the Roman Empire ever arrived at that height of power if Providence had not mingled the vanquished

AGAINST ANGER

with the conquerors. There is an end of the contest when one side deserts it; so that the paying of anger with benefits puts a period to the controversy. . .

The malevolent and the envious content themselves only to wish another man miserable; but 'tis the business of anger to make him so and to wreak the mischief itself, not so much desiring the hurt of another as to inflict it. Among the powerful it breaks out into open war, and into a private one with the common people. It engages us in treacheries, perpetual troubles and contentions. It alters the very nature of a man, and punishes itself in the persecution of others.

SENECA. *Moral Essays*
(trans. Sir Roger L'Estrange, 1673)

The Knight

A Knight ther was, and that a worthy man,
That from the tymè that he first bigan
To ryden out, he lovede chyvalrye,
Trouthe and honouȝr, fredom and curtesie.
Ful worthy was he in his lordes werrè,
And therto hadde he riden, no man ferrè,
As wel in Christendom as in hethenesse,
And evere honoured for his worthinesse. . .
This ilkè worthy knight hadde ben also
Somytyme with the lord of Palatye
Ageyn another hethen in Turkye;
And evermore he hadde a sovereyn prys.
And though that he were worthy he was wys,
And of his port as meke as is a maydè.
He never yit no vileinye ne saydè
In al his lyf unto no maner wight.
He was a verray parfit gentil knight.

CHAUCER. Prologue to *The Canterbury Tales*

San Giovanni

[Giovanni Gualberto—995-1073—founder of the famous monastery at Vallombrosa.]

It happened that riding with his man home to Florence on Good Friday, he met his enemy in so narrow a passage that it was impossible for either of them to avoid the other. Giovanni, seeing the murderer, drew his sword, and was going to dispatch him. But the other, lighting from his horse, fell upon his knees, and with his arms across, besought him by the passion of Jesus Christ, who suffered on that day, to spare his life. The remembrance of Christ, who prayed for His murderers on the cross, exceedingly affected the young nobleman; and meekly raising the suppliant from the ground with his hand, he said: 'I can refuse nothing that is asked of me for the sake of Jesus Christ. I not only give you your life, but also my friendship. Pray for me that God may pardon my sin.'

After embracing each other they parted, and Giovanni went on till he came to San Miniato. Going into the church he prayed before the great crucifix; and as he prayed it seemed to Giovanni that the head of our Saviour bowed miraculously in token that the sacrifice of his anger was acceptable to God.

ALBAN BUTLER. *Lives of the Fathers, &c.*

Men and Animals

If any one considers a moment the organization and external figure of the body, will he not instantly perceive that Nature, or rather, the God of Nature, created the human animal not for war but for love and friendship; not for mutual destruction, but for mutual service and safety; not to commit injuries, but for acts of reciprocal benevolence.

To all other animals Nature, or the God of Nature, has given appropriate weapons of offence. The inborn violence of the bull is seconded by weapons of pointed horn, the rage of the lion with claws. On the wild boar are fixed terrible tusks. The elephant, in addition to the toughness of his hide and his enormous size, is defended with a proboscis. The crocodile is covered with scales as with a coat of mail. . . Nature has consulted the safety of some of her creatures, as of the dove, by velocity of motion. To others she has given venom as a substitute for a weapon, and added a hideous shape, eyes that beam terror, and a hissing noise. She has also given them antipathies and discordant dispositions corresponding with this exterior, that they might wage an offensive or defensive war with animals of a different species.

But man she brought into the world naked from his mother's womb, weak, tender, unarmed—his flesh of the softest texture, his skin smooth and delicate and susceptible to the slightest injury. There is nothing observable in his limbs adapted to fighting or to violence—not to mention that other animals are no sooner brought forth than they are sufficient of themselves to support the life they have received; but man alone, for a long period totally depends on extraneous assistance. Unable either to speak or walk, or to help himself to food, he can only implore relief by tears and wailing; so that from this circumstance alone might be collected that man is an animal born for that love and friendship which is formed and cemented by the mutual interchange of benevolent offices. Moreover, Nature evidently intended that man should consider himself indebted for the boon of life not so much to herself as to the kindness of his fellow-man—that he might perceive himself designed for social affections and the attachments of friendship and love. Then she gave him a countenance, not frightful and forbidding, but mild and placid, intimating by external signs the benignity of his disposition. She gave him eyes full of affectionate expression, the indexes of a mind delighting in social sympathy.

GENTLENESS

She gave him arms to embrace his fellow-creatures. She gave him lips to express an union of heart and soul. She gave him alone the power of laughing, a mark of the joy to which he is susceptible. She gave him alone tears, the symbol of clemency and compassion. She gave him also a voice—not a menacing and frightful yell, but bland, soothing, and friendly. Not satisfied with these marks of her peculiar favour, she bestowed on him alone the use of speech and reason—a gift which tends more than any other to conciliate and cherish benevolence and a desire of rendering mutual services; so that nothing among human creatures might be done by violence. . .

Add to all this that she has distributed to every mortal endowments, both of mind and body, with such admirable variety that every man finds in every other man something to love and to admire for its beauty and excellence, or something to seek after and embrace for its use and necessity.

ERASMUS. *Adagia*
(trans. Anon.)

A Wise King

King Utopus, even at the first beginning, hearing that the inhabitants of the land were before his coming thither at continual dissention and strife among themselves for their religions, made a decree that it should be lawful for every man to favour and follow what religion he would, and that he might do the best he could to bring other to his opinion, so that he did it peaceably, gently, quietly, and soberly, without hasty and contentious rebuking and inveighing against other. If he could not by fair and gentle speech induce them unto his opinion, yet he should use no kind of violence and refrain from displeasing and seditious words. To him that would vehemently and fervently in this cause strive and contend was decreed

banishment or bondage. This law did King Utopus make, not only for the maintenance of peace, which he saw through continual contention and mortal hatred utterly extinguished, but also because he thought this decree should make for the furtherance of religion. Whereof he durst design and determine nothing unadvisedly, as doubting whether God, desiring manifold and diverse sorts of honour, would inspire sundry men with sundry kinds of religion. And this surely he thought a very unmeet and foolish thing and a point of arrogant presumption—to compel all other by violence and threatenings to agree to the same that thou believest to be true. Furthermore, though there be one religion which alone is true and all other vain and superstitious, yet did he well foresee (so that the matter were handled with reason and sober modesty) that the truth of its own power would at the last issue out and come to light.

SIR THOMAS MORE. *Utopia*
(trans from the Latin by Ralph Robinson)

The Courtier

[The speakers are Ludovico, Count of Canossa, afterwards Bishop of Bayeux, and Cesare Gonzaga, kinsman of the Duchess of Urbino, whose court is the scene of the discussion.]

LUDOVICO. I will have our courtier, to avoid envy and to keep company pleasantly with every man, do whatsoever other men do, so he decline not at any time from commendable deeds; but governeth himself with that good judgment that will not suffer him to enter into any folly. But let him laugh, dally, jest, and dance; yet in such wise that he always declare himself to be witty and discreet, and everything that he doth or speaketh let him do it with grace.

CESARE. Methink you have this night oftentimes repeated

that the courtier ought to accompany all his doings, gestures, demeanours—finally all his motions—with grace. And this, methink, you put for a sauce to everything, without the which all his other properties and good conditions were little worth. And I believe verily that every man would soon be persuaded therein, for by virtue of the word a man may say that whoso hath grace is gracious. But because you have said sundry times that it is the gift of Nature and of the Heavens, they that be born so happy and so wealthy with such a treasure (as some that we see), methink therein have little need of any other teacher, because the bountiful favour of Heaven doth (as it were) in spite of them guide them higher than they covet, and maketh them not only gracious but admirable unto the world. Therefore I do not reason of this, because the obtaining of it of ourselves lieth not in our power.

LUDOVICO. Bound I am not to teach you to have good grace, nor anything else saving only to show you what a perfect courtier ought to be. Notwithstanding, although it be (in manner) in a proverb that grace is not to be learned, I say unto you whoso mindeth to be gracious ought to begin betimes and to learn his principles of the best teachers.

He, therefore, that will be a good scholar beside the practice of good things must evermore set all his diligence to be like his master, and (if it were possible) change himself into him. And when he hath made some progress, it profiteth him much to behold sundry men of that profession, and governing himself with that good judgment that must always be his guide, go about to pick out, sometime of one and sometime of another, sundry matters. And even as the bee in green meadows fleeth always about the grass choosing out flowers, so shall our courtier steal his grace from them that to his seeming have it, and from each one that parcel that shall be most worthy praise.

And many such there are that think that they do much, so they resemble a great man in somewhat, and take many times the thing in him that worst becometh him.

THE COURTIER

But I, imagining with myself oftentimes how this grace cometh, leaving apart such as have it from above, find one rule that is most general, which in this part, methink, holds good in all things belonging to a man in word or deed above all other. And that is to eschew as much as a man may and as a sharp and dangerous rock too much curiousness, and (to speak a new word) to use in everything a certain *disgracing* to cover art withal and seem, whatsoever he doth and saith, to do it without trouble and (as it were) not thinking about it.

CASTIGLIONE. *Il Cortegiano*

(trans. Sir Thomas Hoby, 1561, revised and abridged)

It May Not Be

[Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, banished by Richard II, having succeeded on John of Gaunt's death to the dukedom of Lancaster, the king has seized the Lancastrian estates. Bolingbroke has landed in England and has reached the wilds of Gloucestershire with his armed followers. He is met by the Duke of York, Regent of the King.]

LORD BERKELEY. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

BOLINGBROKE. My lord, my answer is—to (Lancaster);
And I am come to seek that name in England;
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

BERKELEY. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out:
To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,
From the most gracious regent of this land,
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter York, attended.

GENTLENESS

BOLINGBROKE. I shall not need transport my words by you;
Here comes his grace in person.

My noble uncle! [*Kneels.*

YORK. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

BOLINGBROKE. My gracious uncle——

YORK. Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:

I am no traitor's uncle; and that word 'grace'

In an ungracious mouth is but profane.

Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs

Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground?

But then more 'why?' why have they dared to march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,

Frighting her pale-faced villages with war

And ostentation of despised arms? . .

BOLINGBROKE. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault:

On what condition stands it and wherein?

YORK. Even in condition of the worst degree,

In gross rebellion and detested treason:

Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come

Before the expiration of thy time,

In braving arms against thy sovereign.

BOLINGBROKE. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;

But as I come, I come for Lancaster.

And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace

Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye. . .

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND. The noble duke hath been too
much abused.

LORD ROSS. It stands your grace upon to do him right.

LORD WILLOUGHBY. Base men by his endowments are made
great.

YORK. My lords of England, let me tell you this:

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs

And labour'd all I could to do him right;

IT MAY NOT BE

But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be!

SHAKESPEARE. *King Richard II*

The Noble Spirit

A noble spirit hath surveyed and fortified his disposition, and converts all occurrents into experience, between which experience and his reason there is a marriage: the issue are his actions. He circuits his intents, and seeth the end before he shoot. Occasion incites him, none enticeth him; and he moves by affection, not for affection. He loves glory, scorns shame, and governeth and obeyeth with one countenance; for it comes from one consideration. He calls not the variety of the world chances, for his meditation hath travelled over them; and his eye, mounted upon his understanding, seeth them as things underneath.

Knowing reason to be no idle gift of nature, he is the steersman of his own destiny. Truth is his goddess, and he takes pains to get her, not to look like her. He knows the condition of the world, that he must act one thing by another, and then another. To these he carries his desires, and not his desires him: and sticks not fast by the way, for that contentment is repentance.

Unto the society of men he is a sun, whose clearness directs their steps in a regular motion. When he is more particular, he is the wise man's friend, the example of the indifferent, the medicine of the vicious. Thus time goeth not from him, but with him; and he feels age more by the strength of his soul than the weakness of his body.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY. *Characters*
(ed. 1616, abridged)

Penn Addresses the Indians

(1682)

The Great Spirit who made me and you, who rules the heavens and the earth, and knows the innermost thoughts of men, knows that I and my friends have a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with you, and to serve you to the uttermost of our power. It is not our custom to use hostile weapons against our fellow-creatures, for which reason we have come unarmed. Our object is not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. We are met on the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage is to be taken on either side, but all is to be openness, brotherhood, and love. . . I will consider you as Christians, of the same flesh and blood, and the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts.

WILLIAM PENN. *Speech to the American Indians*

Morning

To find the western path,
Right through the Gates of Wrath

I urge my way;
Sweet Mercy leads me on
With soft repentant moan;
I see the break of day.

The war of swords and spears,
Melted by dewy tears
Exhales on high;
The Sun is freed from fears,
And with soft grateful tears
Ascends the sky.

BLAKE

Thoughts on Napoleon

(1802)

I grieved for Buonapartè with a vain
 And an unthinking grief. The tenderest mood
 Of that man's mind—what can it be? what food
 Fed his first hopes? what knowledge could *he* gain?
 'Tis not in battles that from youth we train
 The Governor who must be wise and good,
 And temper with the sternness of the brain
 Thoughts motherly, and meek as womanhood.
 Wisdom doth live with children round her knees.
 Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk
 Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
 Of the mind's business—these are the degrees
 By which true Sway doth mount. This is the stalk
 True Power doth grow on; and her rights are these.

WORDSWORTH

The Happy Warrior

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
 That every man in arms should wish to be?
 It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
 Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
 Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
 Whose high endeavours are an inward light
 That makes the path before him always bright . . .
 'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
 Upon that law as on the best of friends;
 Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
 To evil for a guard against worse ill,

GENTLENESS

And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labours good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows:
Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow—on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw . . .
’Tis, finally, the man who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a nation’s eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse to his wish or not,
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won:
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,

THE HAPPY WARRIOR

From well to better, daily self-surpass:
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble ends give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause.
This is the happy Warrior; this is he
That every man in arms should wish to be.

WORDSWORTH

Shapes and Sounds

Hither come, sped on the charmed winds,
Which meet from all the points of heaven, as bees
From every flower aerial Enna feeds
At their known island-homes in Himera,
The echoes of the human world, which tell
Of the low voice of love, almost unheard,
And dove-eyed pity's murmured pain, and music,
Itself the echo of the heart, and all
That tempers or improves man's life, now free;
And lovely apparitions,—dim at first,
Then radiant, as the mind arising bright
From the embrace of beauty (whence the forms
Of which these are the phantoms) casts on them
The gathered rays which are reality—
Shall visit us, the progeny immortal
Of Painting, Sculpture, and rapt Poesy,
And arts, though unimagined, yet to be.
The wandering voices and the shadows these
Of all that man becomes, the mediators

GENTLENESS

Of that best worship, love, by him and us
Given and returned; swift shapes and sounds, which grow
More fair and soft as man grows wise and kind,
And, veil by veil, evil and error fall.

SHELLEY. *Prometheus Unbound*

The Gentle Quakers

Dost thou love silence as deep as that 'before the winds were made'? Go not out into the wilderness, descend not into the profundities of the earth; shut not up thy casements; nor pour wax into the little cells of thy ears, with little-faith'd self-mistrusting Ulysses. Retire with me into a Quakers' Meeting.

For a man to refrain even from good words, and to hold his peace, it is commendable; but for a multitude it is great mastery.

What is the stillness of the desert compared with this place? what the uncommunicating muteness of fishes? Here the goddess reigns and revels. 'Boreas, and Cesis, and Argestes loud' do not with their interconfounding uproars more augment the brawl—nor the waves of the blown Baltic with their clubbed sounds—than their opposite (Silence her sacred self) is multiplied and rendered more intense by numbers, and by sympathy. She too hath her deeps, that call unto deeps. Negation itself hath a positive more and less; and closed eyes would seem to obscure the great obscurity of midnight. . . .

Frequently the Meeting is broken up without a word having been spoken. But the mind has been fed. You go away with a sermon not made with hands. You have been in the milder caverns of Trophonius; or as in some den, where the fiercest and savagest of all wild creatures, the TONGUE, that unruly member, has strangely lain tied up and captive. You

THE GENTLE QUAKERS

have bathed with stillness. O, when the spirit is sore fretted, even tired to sickness of the janglings and nonsense-noises of the world, what a balm and a solace it is to go and seat yourself for a quiet half-hour upon some undisputed corner of a bench, among the gentle Quakers!

Their garb and stillness conjoined present a uniformity, tranquil and herd-like as in the pasture—‘forty feeding like one.’

The very garments of a Quaker seem incapable of receiving a soil; and cleanliness in them to be something more than the absence of its contrary. Every Quakeress is a lily; and when they come up in bands to their Whitsun conferences, whitening the easterly streets of the metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom, they show like troops of the Shining Ones.

CHARLES LAMB. *A Quakers' Meeting*

The Most Forcible Persons

An element which unites all the most forcible persons of every country and makes them intelligible to each other cannot be any casual product, but must be an average result of the character and faculties universally found in men. It seems a certain permanent average; as the atmosphere is a permanent composition, whilst so many gases are combined only to be decomposed. *Comme il faut* is the Frenchman's description of good society—as we must be. It is a spontaneous fruit of talents and feelings of precisely that class who have most vigour. It is made of the spirit, more than of the talent, of men.

There is something equivocal in all the words in use to express the excellence of manners and social cultivation, because the quantities are fluxional, and the last effect is assumed by the senses as the cause. The word *gentleman* has

GENTLENESS

not any correlative abstract to express the quality. *Gentility* is mean, and *gentillesse* is obsolete. But we must keep alive in the vernacular the distinction between *fashion*, a word of narrow and often sinister meaning, and the heroic character which the gentleman imports. The usual words, however, must be respected: they will be found to contain the root of the matter. The point of distinction in all this class of names, as courtesy, chivalry, fashion, and the like, is that the flower and fruit, not the grain of the tree, is contemplated.

The gentleman is a man of truth, lord of his own actions, and expressing that lordship in his behaviour, not in any manner dependent and servile either on persons or opinions or possessions. Beyond this fact of truth and real force the word denotes good-nature or benevolence—manhood first, and then gentleness.

EMERSON. *Essays: Second Series*
(abridged)

The Elizabethan Gentleman

In the *Faerie Queene* Spenser has brought out a form of character which was then just coming on the stage of the world, and which has played a great part in it since. As he has told us, he aimed at presenting before us, in the largest sense of the word, the English gentleman. It was as a whole a new character in the world. It had not really existed in the days of feudalism and chivalry, though features of it had appeared, and its descent was traced from those times; but they were too wild and coarse, too turbulent and disorderly, for a character which, however ready for adventure and battle, looked to peace, refinement, order, and law as the true conditions of its perfection. In the days of Elizabeth it was beginning to fill a large place in English life. It was formed amid the increasing cultivation of the nation, the increasing

varieties of public service, the awakening responsibilities to duty and calls to self-command. Still making much of the prerogative of noble blood and family honours, it was something independent of nobility and beyond it. A nobleman might have in him the making of a gentleman; but it was the man himself of whom the gentleman was made. Great birth, even great capacity, were not enough; there must be added a new delicacy of conscience, a new appreciation of what is beautiful and worthy of honour, a new measure of the strength and nobleness of self-control, of devotion to unselfish interests. This idea of manhood, based not only on force and courage, but on truth, on refinement, on public spirit, on soberness and modesty, on consideration for others, was taking possession of the younger generation of Elizabeth's middle years. . .

There were three distinguished men of that time, who one after another were Spenser's friends and patrons, and who were men in whom he saw realized his conceptions of human excellence and nobleness. They were Sir Philip Sidney, Lord Grey of Wilton, and Sir Walter Raleigh; and the *Faerie Queene* reflects, as in a variety of separate mirrors and spiritualized forms, the characteristics of these men and of such as they. It reflects their conflicts, their temptations, their weaknesses, the evils they fought with, the superiority with which they towered over meaner and poorer natures.

Sir Philip Sidney may be said to have been the first typical example in English society of the true gentleman. The charm which attracted men to him in life, the fame which he left behind him, are not to be accounted for simply by his accomplishments as a courtier, a poet, a lover of literature, a gallant soldier. Above all this there was something not found in the strong or brilliant men about him, a union and harmony of all high qualities differing from them separately, which gave a fire of its own to his literary enthusiasm, and a sweetness of its own to his courtesy.

R. W. CHURCH. *Spenser*

The Modern Gentleman

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature: like an easy-chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast;—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence he observes the maxim of the ancient sage,¹ that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. . .

¹ Seneca. See page 134.

He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candour, consideration, indulgence: he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength.

CARDINAL NEWMAN. *The Idea of a University*

Noble Manners

There is nothing comparable for moral force to the charm of truly noble manners. The mind is, in comparison, only slightly and transiently impressed by heroic actions, for these are felt to be but uncertain signs of a heroic soul; nothing less than a series of them, more sustained and varied than circumstances are ever found to demand, could assure us, with the infallible certainty required for the highest power of example, that they were the faithful reflex of the ordinary spirit of the actor. The spectacle of patient suffering, though not so striking, is morally more impressive. . . The mind, however, has a very natural repugnance to the sustained contemplation of this species of example, and is much more willingly persuaded by a spectacle precisely the reverse—namely, that of goodness actually upon the earth triumphant, and bearing in its ordinary demeanour, under whatever circumstances, the lovely stamp of obedience to that highest and most rarely-fulfilled commandment: ‘Rejoice evermore.’ Unlike action or suffering, such obedience is not so much the way to heaven, as a picture, say rather a part, of heaven itself, and truly beautiful manners will be found upon inspection to involve a continual and visible compliance with the apostolical injunction. A right obedience of this kind must be the crown and completion of all lower kinds of obedience. It is not

compatible with the bitter humiliations of the habit of any actual sin; it excludes selfishness, since the condition of joy, as distinguished from pleasure, is generosity, and a soul in the practice of going forth from itself; it is no sensual partiality for the 'bright side' of things, no unholy repugnance to the consideration of sorrow, but a habit of lifting life to a height at which all sides of it become bright and all moral difficulties intelligible. In action it is a salubrity about which doctors will not disagree; in the countenance it is a loveliness about which connoisseurs will not dispute; in the demeanour it is a lofty gentleness which, without pride, patronizes all the world, and which, without omitting the minutest temporal obligations or amenities, does everything with an air of immortality. When Providence sets its inheritors upon a hill where they cannot be hid, acknowledging, as it were, their deserts by conferring upon them conspicuous and corporeal advantages, and proving them by various and splendid opportunities, the result is an example to which, as I have said, there is nothing else to be compared in the way of moral agency; a spectacle so clear in the demonstration of human majesty and loveliness, that the honouring of it with love and imitation is the only point of worship upon which persons of all countries, faiths, customs, and morals, are in perfectly catholic agreement.

COVENTRY PATMORE. *Principle in Art, &c.*

Making Life Gentle

Whatever differences there may be between us and other nations, do not forget that we are all members of the human race and subject to the like passions and affections and fears and desires. There must be something in common between us if only we can find it, and perhaps by our very aloofness from the rest of Europe we may have some special part to play

MAKING LIFE GENTLE

as conciliator and mediator. An ancient historian once wrote of the Greeks that they had made gentle the life of the world. I do not know whether in these modern days it is possible for any nation to emulate the example of the Greeks, but I can imagine no nobler ambition for an English statesman than to win the same tribute for his own country.

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN. *The Struggle for Peace*

VI. LIBERTY

If you choose you are free: no power can rob you of your will. To the righteous there is no prison.

EPICLETUS

Where liberty is—there is my country.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Our liberty, wisely understood, is but a voluntary obedience to the universal laws of life.

AMIEL

Who is Free?

Who is free? The wise man, lord over himself, who fears not poverty nor death nor prison bonds, who is no slave to passion, a despiser of worldly honours—complete in himself, no outside thing can turn his will; against him Fortune herself makes her attack in vain.

HORACE. *Sat. II. 7*
(trans. A. S.)

The Things that are not Caesar's

Behold now, Caesar seems to provide us with profound peace, there are no wars any longer, nor battles, no brigandage on a large scale, nor piracy, but at any hour we may travel by land, or sail from the rising of the sun to its setting. Can he, then, at all provide us with peace from fever too, and from shipwreck too, and from fire, or earthquake, or lightning? Come, can he give us peace from love? He cannot. From sorrow? From envy? He cannot—from absolutely none of these things. But the doctrine of the philosophers promises to give us peace from these troubles too. And what does it say? 'Men, if you heed me, wherever you may be, whatever you may be doing, you will feel no pain, no anger, no compulsion, no hindrance, but you will pass your lives in tranquillity and in freedom from every disturbance.' When a man has this kind of peace proclaimed to him, not by Caesar—why, how could he possibly proclaim it?—but proclaimed by God through the reason, is he not satisfied, when he is alone, when he contemplates and reflects: 'Now no evil can befall

me, for there is no such thing as a brigand, for me there is no such thing as an earthquake, everything is full of peace, everything full of tranquillity; every road, every city, every fellow-traveller, neighbour, companion, all are harmless?’

EPICETUS. *Discourses* reported by Arrian
(trans. W. A. Oldfather—Loeb Classical Library)

Freedom and Restraint

Since neither they who are called kings nor the friends of kings live as they like, who, after all, is free? The man who is unrestrained, who hath all things in his power as he wills, is free; but he who may be restrained or compelled or hindered or thrown into any condition against his will is a slave. And who is unrestrained? He that desires none of those things which belongs to others. And what are those things which belong to others? Those which are not in our own power, either to have or not to have, or to have them of such a sort or in such a state. Body, therefore, belongs to another, its parts to another, possessions to another. If, then, you attach yourself to any of these as your own, you will be punished, as he deserves who desires what belongs to others.

A reasonable man sees that of all the things about him some are under his own control, some in the power of others. The unrestrained things are such as depend on his choice, the restrained such as do not. And for this reason, if he esteems his good and his interest to consist in things unrestrained and in his own power, he will be free, prosperous, happy, unhurt, magnanimous, pious, thankful to God for everything, never finding fault with anything, never censuring anything that is brought to pass by Him. But, if he considers his good and his interest to consist in externals outside his control, he must necessarily be restrained, be hindered, be enslaved to those who

have the power over those things which he admires and fears; he must necessarily be impious, as supposing himself injured by God, and unfair as claiming more than his share; he must necessarily, too, be abject and mean-spirited.

What forbids but that he who distinguishes these things may live with an easy and light heart, quietly expecting whatever may happen, and bearing contentedly what hath happened? Would you have poverty be my lot? Bring it, and you shall see what poverty is when it hath got one to act well. Would you have power? Bring toils, too, along with it. Banishment? Wherever I go it will be well with me there; for it was well with me here, not on account of the place but on account of the principles which I shall carry away with me, for no one can deprive me of these. On the contrary, they alone are my property and cannot be taken away, and retaining them suffices me wherever I am or whatever I do.

EPICURETUS. *Discourses* reported by Arrian
(trans. Elizabeth Carter, revised and abridged)

A Noble Thing

Ah! Freedom is a noble thing.
Freedom makes a man to have liking.
Freedom all solace to man gives;
He lives at ease that freely lives.
A noble heart may have none ease
And no thing else that may him please,
If freedom fail; for free liking
Is yearnèd o'er all other thing.
Nay, he that aye has livèd free
May not know well the property,
The anger, nor the wretched doom
That is coupled to foul thralldom.

LIBERTY

But if he had assayed it,
Then perfectly he should it wit;
And should think freedom more to prize
Than all the gold in world that is.

JOHN BARBOUR. *The Bruce*

England in 1644

[To the Lords and Commons of the Long Parliament.]

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing¹ her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

What should ye do then, should ye suppress all this flowery crop of knowledge and new light sprung up and yet springing daily in this city, should ye set an oligarchy of twenty engrossers over it, to bring a famine upon our minds again, when we shall know nothing but what is measured to us by their bushel! Believe it, Lords and Commons, they who counsel ye to such a suppressing, do as good as bid ye suppress yourselves; and I will soon show how. If it be desired to know the immediate cause of all this free writing and free speaking, there cannot be assigned a truer than your own mild, and free, and humane government; it is the liberty, Lords and Commons, which your own valorous and happy counsels have purchased us, liberty which is the nurse of all great wits; this is that which hath rarefied and enlightened our spirits like the influence of heaven; this is that which hath enfranchised, enlarged, and

¹ renewing.

lifted up our apprehensions degrees above themselves. Ye cannot make us now less capable, less knowing, less eagerly pursuing of the truth, unless ye first make yourselves, that made us so, less the lovers, less the founders of our true liberty. We can grow ignorant again, brutish, formal, and slavish, as ye found us; but you then must first become that which ye cannot be, oppressive, arbitrary, and tyrannous, as they were from whom ye have freed us. That our hearts are now more capacious, our thoughts more erected to the search and expectation of greatest and exactest things, is the issue of your own virtue propagated in us; ye cannot suppress that unless ye reinforce an abrogated and merciless law, that fathers may despatch at will their own children. And who shall then stick closest to ye, and excite others? not he who takes up arms for coat and conduct, and his four nobles of Danegelt. Although I dispraise not the defence of just immunities, yet love my peace better, if that were all. Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.

MILTON. *Areopagitica*

An Unheeded Warning

As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain, they may have it from Prussia. But until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your

natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. . . . Deny them this participation of freedom and you break that sole bond which originally made, and must still preserve, the unity of the empire. Do not entertain so weak an imagination as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, your cockets and your clearances are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office and your instructions and your suspending clauses are the things that hold together the great contexture of this mysterious whole. These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English constitution, which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.

Is it not the same virtue which does everything for us here in England? Do you imagine then that it is the Land Tax which raises your revenue? that it is the annual vote in the Committee of Supply which gives you your army? or that it is the Mutiny Bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline? No! Surely no! It is the love of the people; it is their attachment to their government, from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy and infuses into both that liberal obedience without which your army would be a base rabble and your navy nothing but rotten timber.

All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians who have no place among us—a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material—and who therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But to men truly initiated and rightly taught these ruling and master principles, which in the opinion of such men as I have

mentioned have no substantial existence, are in truth everything and all in all. Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together.

EDMUND BURKE. *Speech on Conciliation with America*

The Advantage of Opposition

There is a very honest gentleman with whom I have been acquainted these thirty years, during which there has not been one speech uttered against the ministry in Parliament, nor struggle at an election for a burgess to serve in the House of Commons, nor a pamphlet published in opposition to any measure of the administration, nor even a private censure passed in his hearing upon the misconduct of any person concerned in public affairs, but he is immediately alarmed, and loudly exclaims against such furious doings, in order to set people by the ears together at such a delicate juncture. . .

The case is no more than this. My honest friend has invested his whole fortune in the stocks, in Government security, and trembles at every whiff of popular discontent. Were every British subject of the same tame and timid disposition, Magna Charta would be wholly disregarded by an ambitious prince, and the liberties of England expire without a groan. Opposition, when restrained within due bounds, is the salubrious gale that ventilates the opinions of the people, which might otherwise stagnate into the most abject submission. It may be said to purify the atmosphere of politics; to dispel the gross vapours raised by the influence of ministerial artifice and corruption, until the constitution, like a mighty rock, stands full disclosed to the view of every individual who dwells within the shade of its protection. Even when this gale blows with augmented violence, it generally tends to the

advantage of the commonwealth: it wakes the apprehension, and consequently arouses all the faculties of the pilot at the helm, who redoubles his vigilance and caution, exerts his utmost skill, and, becoming acquainted with the nature of the navigation, in a little time learns to suit his canvas to the roughness of the sea and the trim of the vessel. Without these intervening storms of opposition to exercise his faculties, he would become enervated, negligent, and presumptuous; and in the wantonness of his power, trusting to some deceitful calm, perhaps hazard a step that would wreck the constitution. Yet there is a measure in all things. A moderate frost will fertilize the glebe with nitrous particles, and destroy the eggs of pernicious insects that prey upon the fancy of the year; but if this frost increases in severity and duration, it will chill the seeds, and even freeze-up the roots of vegetables; it will check the bloom, nip the buds, and blast all the promise of the spring. The vernal breeze that drives the fog before it, that brushes the cobwebs from the boughs, that fans the air and fosters vegetation, if augmented to a tempest, will strip the leaves, overthrow the tree, and desolate the garden. The auspicious gale before which the vessel ploughs the bosom of the sea, while the mariners are kept alert in duty and in spirits, if converted into a hurricane, overwhelms the crew with terror and confusion. The sails are rent, the cordage cracked, the masts give way; the master eyes the havoc with mute despair, and the vessel founders in the storm. Opposition, when confined within its proper channels, sweeps away those beds of soil and banks of sand which corruptive power had gathered; but when it overflows its banks and deluges the plain, its course is marked by ruin and devastation.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH. *National Concord*

Johnsoniana

Happening to meet Sir Adam Fergusson, I presented him to Dr Johnson. . . Sir Adam suggested that luxury corrupts a people and destroys the spirit of liberty.

JOHNSON. Sir, that is all visionary. I would not give half a guinea to live under one form of government rather than another. It is of no moment to the happiness of an individual. Sir, the danger of the abuse of power is nothing to a private man. What Frenchman is prevented from passing his life as he pleases?

SIR ADAM. But, sir, in the British constitution it is surely of importance to keep up a spirit in the people, so as to preserve a balance against the crown?

JOHNSON. Sir, I perceive you are a vile Whig. Why all this childish jealousy of the power of the crown? The crown has not power enough. When I say that all governments are all alike, I consider that in no government power can be abused long. Mankind will not bear it. If a sovereign oppresses his people to a great degree, they will rise and cut off his head. There is a remedy in human nature against tyranny that will keep us safe under any form of government.

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I introduced the subject of toleration.

JOHNSON. Every society has a right to preserve public peace and order, and therefore has a good right to prohibit the propagation of opinions which have a dangerous tendency. To say the *magistrate* has this right is using an inadequate word: it is the *society* for which the magistrate is agent. He may be morally or theologically wrong in restraining the propagation of opinions which he thinks dangerous, but he is politically right.

LIBERTY

MAYO.¹ I am of opinion, sir, that every man is entitled to liberty of conscience in religion and that the magistrate cannot restrain that right.

JOHNSON. Sir, I agree with you. Every man has a right to liberty of conscience, and with that the magistrate cannot interfere. People confound liberty of thinking with liberty of talking—nay, with liberty of preaching. Every man has a physical right to think as he pleases; for it cannot be discovered how he thinks. He has not a moral right, for he ought to inform himself and think justly. . .

MAYO. But, sir, ought not Christians to have liberty of conscience?

JOHNSON. I have already told you so, sir. You are coming back to where you were.

BOSWELL. Dr Mayo is always taking a return post-chaise and going the stage over again. He has it at half-price.

JOHNSON. Dr Mayo, like other champions for unlimited toleration, has got a set of words. Sir, it is no matter, politically, whether the magistrate be right or wrong. Suppose a club were to be formed to drink confusion to King George the Third and a happy restoration to Charles the Third, this would be very bad with respect to the State; but every member of that club must either conform to its rules or be turned out of it. Old Baxter, I remember, maintains that the magistrate should "tolerate all things that are tolerable." This is no good definition of toleration upon any principle; but it shows that he thought some things were not tolerable.

BOSWELL. *Life of Samuel Johnson*

¹ Dr Mayo, a dissenting minister.

Mirabeau Addresses the National Assembly

(1789)

I am not going to preach toleration. Perfect freedom as regards religion is a right so sacred in my eyes, that the word 'toleration' when used to express it seems to me to sound tyrannical. So long as there are different minds there will always be different opinions. You cannot prevent such differences, and it is useless to attack them. The free exercise of some kind of worship is the right of every man. We should respect that right, just as every man should respect his own religion.

Worship consists of prayers, hymns, sermons, of various acts of adoration by men assembled together for this purpose; and it would be absurd to say that a police inspector is the proper person to regulate such matters. The proper business of the police is to preserve public order and prevent any breach of the public peace. That is why they patrol your streets and keep watch over your houses and your churches; but so long as the public peace is not broken they do not concern themselves with your doings in those places. Their sole power is to prevent you from doing any injury to your fellow-citizens. See to it, then, that no religion, even your own, causes any public disturbance. There lies your duty, and you may not go beyond it.

I hear people talking constantly about 'a dominant religion.' Gentlemen, I do not understand this term. I wish somebody would give me a definition of it. Is it a *tyrannical* religion that is meant? But you have proscribed that word, and men who have achieved the right of liberty do not claim the right of oppression. Is it the religion of the State that is meant? The State does not rule over the conscience: it cannot regulate private opinion. Is it the religion of the majority? But religion is one opinion. Such and such a religion is the result

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of such and such an opinion. Again, opinions are not the result of votes. Your thoughts are your own property. They are independent: they may not be pledged.

Finally, an opinion which would be that of the greatest number would have no right of domination. That is a tyrannical word which should have no place in our laws. If you insert it in one law, you can put it in all; and you will have a dominant religion, a dominant philosophy, and so forth. The only thing that can properly dominate is justice, and everything else is in submission to it; but all that dominates in justice is the right of every man. And every man has that right you have already made sacred—the right of doing as he pleases so long as he does not injure another.

Œuvres de Mirabeau
(trans. A. S.)

Toussaint l'Ouverture

(1743–1803)

Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men!
Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den;—
O miserable chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; earth, air, and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

WORDSWORTH

François de Bonnivard

(1493-1570)

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!

Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,

For there thy habitation is the heart—

The heart which love of thee alone can bind;

And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—

To fetters and the damp vault's dayless gloom,

Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.

Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,

And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace

Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!

For they appeal from tyranny to God.

BYRON

The Triumph of Prometheus

This is the day, which down the void abysm
At the Earth-born's spell yawns for Heaven's despotism.

And Conquest is dragged captive through the deep:
Love, from its awful throne of patient power
In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour

Of dread endurance, from the slippery, steep,
And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs
And folds over the world its healing wings.

LIBERTY

Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance,
These are the seals of that most firm assurance
Which bars the pit over Destruction's strength;
And if, with infirm hand, Eternity,
Mother of many acts and hours, should free
The serpent that would clasp her with his length;
These are the spells by which to reassume
An empire o'er the disentangled doom.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.

SHELLEY. *Prometheus Unbound*

Homage to George Fox

This man, the first of the Quakers, and by trade a shoemaker, was one of those to whom, under ruder or purer form, the divine idea of the universe is pleased to manifest itself and across all the hulls of ignorance and earthly degradation shine through in unspeakable awfulness and beauty on their souls; who therefore are rightly accounted prophets, God-possessed. Sitting at his stall, working on tanned hides, amid pincers, rosin, and a nameless flood of rubbish, this youth had nevertheless a living spirit within him, also an antique inspired volume, through which as through a window it could look upwards and discern its celestial home. The task of a daily

HOMAGE TO GEORGE FOX

pair of shoes, coupled even with some prospect of victuals, was nowise satisfaction enough to such a mind; but ever amid the boring and hammering came tones from that far country. . . . Stitch away, thou noble Fox! Every stitch of that little instrument is pricking into the heart of slavery and world-worship, and the mammon god. Thy elbows jerk, as in strong swimmer-strokes, and every stroke is bearing thee across the prison-ditch into lands of true liberty. Were the work done, there is in broad Europe one free man—and thou art he!

CARLYLE. *Sartor Resartus*

The Struggle for Freedom

The efforts of the Lombard and Tuscan republics, of the Spanish communes, and of the free cities in Germany and other countries, do not deserve the honour of being called movements on the part of the people. They were efforts to attain liberties, not liberty: they were not battles for right, but for municipal rights. Those corporations fought for privileges, and all remained fixed in the bonds of guilds and trades unions. But in the days of the Reformation the battle assumed general and spiritual proportions. Then liberty was demanded, not as an imported, but as an aboriginal right; not as inherited, but as inborn. Principles were brought forward instead of old parchments; and the peasants in Germany, like the Puritans in England, fell back on the gospel whose texts were then of as high authority as the reason—indeed higher, since they were regarded as the revealed reason of God. There it stood legibly written that men are equal, that the pride which exalts itself will be damned, that wealth is a sin, and that the poor are summoned to enjoyment in the beautiful garden of God, the common Father of all men. . . .

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The deepest truth blooms only out of the deepest love. Hence comes the harmony of the views of the Preacher on the Mount (who spoke against the aristocracy of Jerusalem) with those of the later preachers of the Mountain who, from the summit of the Convention in Paris, preached a tri-coloured gospel according to which, not merely the form of the State, but all social life, should be not patched but formed anew, newly founded—yes, born again. In the French Revolution the doctrines of freedom and equality rose triumphantly from those universal sources of knowledge which we call reason. . . . Freedom is a new religion, the religion of our age. If Christ is not exactly the God of this new religion, He is at least one of its high priests, and His name shines consolingly in the hearts of its children. The French are its chosen people: its first gospels and dogmas were penned in their language. Paris is the New Jerusalem, and the Rhine is the Jordan which separates the land of freedom from the land of the Philistines.

HEINRICH HEINE. *Die Befreiung*, 1828
(trans. A. S.)

Individuality and Well-being

It is not by wearing down into uniformity all that is individual in themselves, but by cultivating it and calling it forth, within the limits imposed by the rights and interests of others, that human beings become a noble and beautiful object of contemplation; and as the works partake the character of those who do them, by the same process human life also becomes rich, diversified, and animating, furnishing more abundant aliment to high thoughts and elevating feelings, and strengthening the tie which binds every individual to the race, by making the race infinitely better worth belonging to. In

proportion to the development of his individuality, each person becomes more valuable to himself, and is therefore capable of being more valuable to others. There is a greater fullness of life about his own existence, and when there is more life in the units there is more in the mass which is composed of them. As much compression as is necessary to prevent the stronger specimens of human nature from encroaching on the rights of others cannot be dispensed with; but for this there is ample compensation even in the point of view of human development.

The means of development which the individual loses by being prevented from gratifying his inclinations to the injury of others are chiefly obtained at the expense of the development of other people. And even to himself there is a full equivalent in the better development of the social part of his nature, rendered possible by the restraint put upon the selfish part. To be held to rigid rules of justice for the sake of others develops the feelings and capacities which have the good of others for their object. But to be restrained in things not affecting their good, by their mere displeasure, develops nothing valuable except such force of character as may unfold itself in resisting the restraint. If acquiesced in, it dulls and blunts the whole nature. To give any fair play to the nature of each it is essential that different persons should be allowed to live different lives. In proportion as this latitude has been exercised in any age, has that age been noteworthy to posterity. Even despotism does not produce its worst effects so long as individuality exists under it; and whatever crushes individuality is despotism, by whatever name it may be called, and whether it professes to be enforcing the will of God or the injunctions of men.

JOHN STUART MILL. *On Liberty*

LIBERTY

Prisoners

1. *Richard Lovelace* (1642)

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

To Althea, from Prison

2. *Ernst Toller* (1922)

TO ADOLF VON HATZELD, A BLIND POET

Often my thoughts are with you, and when, as they often do, they beat themselves sadly against the iron bars of my prison-house I take up your poems. Do you know that you were the first person who came to me in the prison after my arrest? . . . You came to my cell, and peace came with you. For years we have had so much in common. I believed I understood, more profoundly than many another, the hours of frost in your dungeon and, more profoundly too, the visions of bliss.

Is our life different in essentials from the lives of those who think they possess complete freedom? The difference is but slight. Chaos is always present: in the morning when we rise, in the evening when we want to rest, always we have to overcome it afresh. And if we approve our work, we can't be sure that a few hours later we shall not reject it. My life would be quieter and richer if it were not spent in jail, where poor, tormented, embittered men, packed together in this corridor of cells, year after year, day after day, bleed and are worn to bits.

PRISONERS

Great men bring me gifts—Aeschylus, Sophocles, Eckhart, Shelley, Milton, Goethe, Kleist, Hölderlin. Never are we so poor as men want to make us. Always we have the wealth which we are, the beauty which we live.

Letters from Prison
(trans. R. Ellis Roberts)

The Testament of Liberty

The recognition that all men are persons, and are not to be treated as things, has arisen slowly in the consciousness of mankind. It has made its way with difficulty against the recurrent testimony of immediate experience, against sophisticated argument, against the predatory and acquisitive instincts which men bring with them out of the animal struggle for existence. The passage from barbarism into civilization is long, halting, and unsure. It is a hard climb from the practice of devouring one's enemies to the injunction to love them. But in that long ascent there is a great divide which is reached when men discover, declare, and acknowledge, however much they may deny it in practice, that there is a Golden Rule which is the ultimate and universal criterion of human conduct. For then, and then only, is there a standard to which all can repair who seek to transform the incessant and indecisive struggle for domination and survival into the security of the Good Society. . .

If we ask ourselves why we should not do unto others what we do not want done to ourselves, the only possible reason must be that we have recognized them as inviolable persons, finally and essentially distinguished from things. Thus the Golden Rule is the moral maxim which establishes itself when men recognize others as autonomous persons, when they acknowledge the inalienable manhood of other men. The

rule is meaningless where that recognition is absent. It can be preached from all the pulpits of the world and it will be without effect unless men acknowledge that there is an inalienable essence in all other men. But for this acknowledgment of the ultimate distinction between a person and a thing we should think no more of stepping on a man than of stepping on the carpet. Without it there is nothing in the human organism to which human rights can be ascribed or attached. . .

In the recognition that there is in each man a final essence—that is to say, an immortal soul—which only God can judge, a limit was set upon the dominion of men over men. The prerogatives of supremacy were radically undermined. The inviolability of the human person was declared. Towards this conviction men have fought their way in the long ascent out of the morass of barbarism. Upon this rock they have built the rude foundations of the Good Society.

WALTER LIPPMAN. *The Good Society*

The Commonwealth

The object of all policy should be to make men more fit for the exercise of political responsibility. The commonwealth is not an end in itself, but exists only to propagate freedom in the souls of men, which, rightly understood, is a sense of responsibility in themselves for others. In so far as it succeeds in this object the commonwealth will flourish, but its visible success is to be valued only as a sign that its function in promoting the growth of human souls is in active process. . .

The basic problem of the world is destined, I believe, to be solved only in terms of the State inspired by the principles of the commonwealth. We are fatally inclined to think of liberty as something opposed to the rule of law, and to see in

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the State the negation of freedom. The rule of law is coincident with the State, and men achieve freedom only in so far as more communities can be gathered in the circle of a single polity.

A time has arrived when a further extension of freedom depends on our power of solving the problem—how to include in one commonwealth, without destroying its character as such, whole nations in varying stages of progress. The essence of freedom is self-discipline. Her austere aspect is the State, and through all the ages men have fled her approach, in their blindness avoiding the refuge they desire. . .

Religion and politics are but two aspects of life; to ignore one is to miss the meaning of the other. The root principle of the commonwealth is love, and the sense of duty to each other which love inspires in men. And so it has moved down the ages, clothed in the stern attributes of the State, bursting the walls of cities, effacing the frontiers of nations, transcending the oceans and bridging their coasts. And so it will move until it has breached the barriers which divide the races of men and continents of the world.

LIONEL CURTIS. *The Prevention of War*

The Story of Freedom

The story of the freedom of man, of the freeing of man by man, is the whole story of man. It is the story of the invention of language, of the freeing of man's tongue to tell his thoughts to his neighbour and of the freeing of his ear to understand his neighbour's thoughts, of the freeing of his thoughts from space and time and the tricks of memory and death by the invention of writing. It is the story of the freeing of his tongue, ear, eye, mind by the invention of grammar, and still more by the invention of paper, and still more by the

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invention of printing, and still more by the discovery of America and of electricity and rubber, and by such political inventions as the freedom of the press and democracy and Union, and such mechanical inventions as the steam engine and the locomotive and the high-speed newspaper press and the telegraph and photograph and gramophone and telephone and aeroplane and moving-picture and wireless and talking-picture and television.

This is not even a meagre outline of the freeing of man (in so far as he is free) in respect of his mind and thoughts and tongue and ear and eye. And were it complete it would outline only the freeing of these with respect to communication—for there is not a word in this about the freeing of the eye to peer into the worlds of microbes and of stars, or of the freeing of the ear to the harmonies of music, or the freeing of the mind from error, thanks to logic, and from terror thanks to the accumulated experience of generations, or the freeing of the mind to think honestly about anything, regardless of the taboos of society or the self-interest of the body. And when we have outlined this vast field we have only begun. . . . It is a tale that can never be told, and not only because of its vast range and the intricate inter-relation of every detail to the others and to the whole. It can never be told because in the telling it is growing. Somewhere, wittingly, unwittingly, some of the two thousand million of men and women are at work freeing man, adding to a glorious tale new glories which men will not be free enough to recognize or use, perhaps for a hundred years to come. . . .

Let us then all keep clearly in our minds and tightly in our hearts that in union there is freedom, and that each shall be the freer and happier the more we all recognize our dependence on the individual and the more we each recognize our dependence on each other and on all our species. We are all the losers when one of us is not doing the work that is joy for him, and we are all the gainers when he is doing what he loves to do,

THE STORY OF FREEDOM

for he is then doing his share best. The more deliberately and fully and trustingly we unite with each other and depend upon each other for our freedom, the more we shall solve the problem of so arranging our society that each lives in it more happily and freely. For freedom is like love, the more of it we give, the more of it we can enjoy; and love is like union too. True love cannot do without union, nor can there be full union without love, nor freedom without either, nor either without freedom.

CLARENCE K. STREIT. *Union Now*

Inner Authorities

The difficulty has been pointed out of inducing public opinion in the democracies to accept the authority of a super-national sovereignty. But surely there is a more fundamental difficulty still—namely, the fact that an increasing number of citizens within the democratic states are unwilling to acknowledge, in speech and action, those inner authorities upon which the life of democracy itself depends. So long as this problem remains unsolved the larger solution must continue to evade us.

Democracy has always prided itself on attaining the due proportion of freedom and discipline. But if freedom becomes licence and discipline is rejected as contrary to freedom, that essential proportion must be lost. Danger lies in paying lip-service to democratic principles and refusing to pay the full price of freedom. Democracy without high character and the discipline of purpose disintegrates, and free institutions can no longer safeguard their freedom by remaining on the defensive. Nor is it enough to be the self-appointed judge of other systems.

Whence, then, can come that inner quickening that is so

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greatly needed? May the answer not be found in a re-awakening to the fundamental values on which democracy was built; in a rededication of our people to those elementary virtues of honesty, unselfishness, and love which so many of us have allowed to take a secondary place? . . . In an age when lowered moral standards have become a breeding-ground for destructive forces, is it not time for democracy to seek again the sources of her strength, and to demonstrate to the world the power of moral principles?

*Open Letter from Thirty-three Members of the
British Parliament, 1st September 1938*

A Message from the New World

There is no fatality which forces the Old World towards new catastrophe. Men are not prisoners of fate but only prisoners in their own minds. They have within themselves the power to become free at any moment. . . . The American family of nations may rightfully claim to speak to the rest of the world. We have an interest wider than that of the mere defences of our sea-ringed continent. We now know that the development of the next generation will so narrow the oceans separating us from the Old World that our customs and our actions are necessarily involved with theirs. Beyond any question, within a few years, air fleets will cross the ocean as easily as to-day they cross the closed European seas. The past generation in Pan-American matters was concerned with constructing the principles and mechanism through which this hemisphere would work together, but the next generation will be concerned with the method by which the New World can live together with the Old.

The issue is really whether our civilization is to be dragged into the tragic vortex of unending militarism, punctuated by

A MESSAGE FROM THE NEW WORLD

periodic wars, or whether we shall be able to maintain the ideal of peace, individuality, and civilization as the fabric of our lives. We have the right to say that there shall not be an organization of world affairs which permits us no choice but to turn our countries into barracks, unless we be the vassals of some conquering empire.

The truest defence of the peace of our hemisphere must always lie in the hope that our sister nations beyond the seas will break the bonds of the ideas which constrain them towards perpetual warfare. By example we can at least show them the possibility. We, too, have a stake in world affairs.

Our will to peace can be as powerful as our will to mutual defence. It can command a greater loyalty, a greater devotion, and a greater discipline than that enlisted elsewhere for temporary conquest or equally futile glory. It will have its voice in determining the order of world affairs.

This is the living message which the New World can and does send to the Old. It can be light opening on dark waters. It shows the path of peace.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT. *Speech to the Pan-American Union, 14th April 1939*

VII. COURAGE

Forth, pilgrim, forth! Forth, beast, out of thy stall!
Know thy countree, look up, thank God of all;
Hold the high way, and let thy ghost thee lede,
And truthe shall deliver, it is no drede.¹

CHAUCER

Yet keep thy stubborn fortitude entire—
The manly heart that to another's woe
Is tender, but superior to its own.
Learn to submit, yet learn to conquer fortune.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER

Self-trust is the essence of heroism. It persists: it is of an undaunted boldness, and of a fortitude not to be wearied out.

EMERSON

¹ doubt.

The Greatness of Athens

PERICLES. You must yourselves realize the power of Athens, and feed your eyes upon her from day to day, till love of her fills your hearts; and then when all her greatness shall break upon you, you must reflect that it was by courage, sense of duty, and a keen feeling of honour in action that men were enabled to win all this, and that no personal failure in an enterprise could make them consent to deprive their country of their valour, but they laid it at her feet as the most glorious contribution that they could offer. For this offering of their lives, made in common by them all, they each of them individually received that renown which never grows old, and for a sepulchre, not so much that in which their bones have been deposited, but that noblest of shrines wherein their glory is laid up to be eternally remembered upon every occasion on which deed or story shall call for its commemoration. For heroes have the whole earth for their tomb; and in lands far from their own, where the column with its epitaph declares it, there is enshrined in every breast a record unwritten with no tablet to preserve it except that of the heart.

THUCYDIDES. *Peloponnesian War*
(trans. R. Crawley)

The Defence of Socrates

Wherever a man's place is, whether the place which he has chosen or that in which he has been placed by a commander, there he ought to remain in the hour of danger; he should not think of death or of anything but of disgrace. And this, O men of Athens, is a true saying. . .

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If I disobeyed the oracle because I was afraid of death, then I should be fancying that I was wise when I was not wise. For the fear of death is indeed the pretence of wisdom, and not real wisdom, being a pretended knowledge of the unknown; and no one knows whether death, which men in their fear apprehend to be the greatest evil, may not be the greatest good. Is there not here conceit of knowledge, which is a disgraceful sort of ignorance? And this is the point in which, as I think, I differ from others, and in which I might perhaps fancy myself wiser than men in general,—that whereas I know but little of the world below, I do not suppose that I know: but I do know that injustice and disobedience to a better, whether God or man, is evil and dishonourable, and I will never fear or avoid a possible good rather than a certain evil. And therefore if you will let me go now, and reject the counsels of Anytus, who said that if I were not put to death I ought not to have been prosecuted, and that if I escape now, your sons will all be utterly ruined by listening to my words—if you say to me, Socrates, this time we will not mind Anytus, and will let you off, but upon one condition, that you are not to inquire and speculate in this way any more, and that if you are caught doing this again you shall die;—if this was the condition on which you let me go, I should reply: Men of Athens, I honour and love you; but I shall obey God rather than you, and while I have life and strength I shall never cease from the practice and teaching of philosophy, exhorting any one whom I meet after my manner, and convincing him, saying: O my friend, why do you, who are a citizen of the great and mighty and wise city of Athens, care so much about laying up the greatest amount of money and honour and reputation, and so little about wisdom and truth and the greatest improvement of the soul, which you never regard or heed at all? Are you not ashamed of this? And if the person with whom I am arguing, says: Yes, but I do care; I do not depart or let him go at once; I interrogate and examine and cross-examine him, and if I

think that he has no virtue, but only says that he has, I reproach him with undervaluing the greater, and overvaluing the less. And I say the same to every one whom I meet, young and old, citizen and alien, but especially to the citizens, inasmuch as they are my brethren. For I know that this is the command of God; and I believe that to this day no greater good has ever happened in the State than my service to the God. For I do nothing but go about persuading you all, old and young alike, not to take thought for your persons or your properties, but first and chiefly to care about the greatest improvement of the soul. I tell you that virtue is not given by money, but that from virtue come money and every other good of man, public as well as private. This is my teaching, and if this is the doctrine which corrupts the youth, my influence is ruinous indeed. But if any one says that this is not my teaching, he is speaking an untruth. Wherefore, O men of Athens, I say to you, do as Anytus bids or not as Anytus bids, and either acquit me or not; but whatever you do, understand that I shall never alter my ways, not even if I have to die many times.

PLATO. *Apology*
(trans. B. Jowett)

Something Unconquerable

Strife and wrangling we must not come near. We should flee far from these things, and all the provocations thereto of unthinking people—which only the unthinking people can give—should be ignored, and the honours and the injuries of the common herd be valued both alike. We must neither grieve over the one, nor rejoice over the other. Otherwise, from the fear of insults or from weariness of them, we shall fall short in the doing of many needful things, and, suffering

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from a womanish distaste for hearing anything not to our mind, we shall refuse to face both public and private duties, sometimes even when they are for our well-being. . . .

The more honourable a man is by birth, reputation, and patrimony, the more heroically he should bear himself, remembering that the tallest ranks stand in the front battle-line. Let him bear insults, shameful words, civil disgrace, and all other degradation as he would the enemy's war-cry, and the darts and stones from afar that rattle around a soldier's helmet but cause no wound. Let him endure injuries, in sooth, as he would wounds—though some blows pierce his armour, others his breast, never overthrown, nor even moved from his ground. Even if you are hard pressed and beset with fierce violence, yet it is a disgrace to retreat; maintain the post that Nature assigned you. Do you ask what this may be? The post of a hero. The wise man's succour is of another sort, the opposite of this; for while you are in the heat of action, he has won the victory. Do not war against your own good; keep alive this hope in your breasts until you arrive at truth, and gladly give ear to the better doctrine and help it on by your belief and prayer. That there should be something unconquerable, some man against whom Fortune has no power, works for the good of the commonwealth of mankind.

SENECA. *Moral Essays* (trans. J. W. Basore—
Loeb Classical Library)

The Word of The Lord

Thus said the Lord God, the Holy One of Israel: 'In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.' And ye would not; but ye said: 'No; for we will flee upon horses.' Therefore shall ye flee. And, 'We will ride upon the swift.' Therefore shall

THE WORD OF THE LORD

they that pursue you be swift. One thousand shall flee at the rebuke of one—at the rebuke of five shall ye flee—till ye be left as a beacon upon the top of a mountain, and as an ensign upon an hill. And therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious unto you; and therefore will He be exalted, that He may have mercy upon you. For the Lord is a God of judgment. Blessed are all they that wait for Him.

For the people that dwell in Zion at Jerusalem thou shalt weep no more. He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry; when He shall hear it He will answer thee. And though the Lord give you the bread of adversity and the water of affliction, yet shall not thy teachers be removed into a corner any more; but thine eyes shall see thy teachers. And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee saying, 'This is the way: walk ye in it.'

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Lift up your eyes unto the heavens
And look upon the earth beneath;
For the heavens shall vanish away like smoke,
And the earth shall wax old like a garment,
And they that dwell therein shall die in like manner;
But My salvation shall be for ever,
And My righteousness shall not be abolished.
Hearken unto Me, ye that know righteousness,
The people in whose heart is My law.
Fear ye not the reproach of men,
Neither be ye afraid of their revilings;
For the moth shall eat them up like a garment,
And the worm shall eat them like wool;
But My righteousness shall be for ever,
And My salvation from generation to generation. . .
I, even I, am He that comforteth you.
Who art thou, that thou shouldest be afraid of a man
that shall die,

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And of the son of man which shall be made as grass,
And forgettest the Lord thy Maker,
That hath stretched forth the heavens,
And laid the foundations of the earth;
And hast feared continually every day because of the fury
of the oppressor,
As if he were ready to destroy?
And where is the fury of the oppressor? . .
Why sayest thou, O Jacob,
And speakest, O Israel,
'My way is hid from the Lord,
And my judgment is passed over from my God?'
Hast thou not known?
Hast thou not heard,
That the everlasting God,
The Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth,
Fainteth not, neither is weary?
There is no searching of His understanding.
He giveth power to the faint;
And to them that have no might He increaseth strength.
Even the youths shall faint and be weary,
And the young men shall utterly fall:
But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength;
They shall mount up with wings as eagles;
They shall run, and not be weary;
And they shall walk, and not faint.

.

*How beautiful upon the mountains
Are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings,
That publisheth peace ;
That bringeth good tidings of good,
That publisheth salvation;
That saith unto Zion, 'Thy God reigneth !'*

.

THE WORD OF THE LORD

'As I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more
go over the earth;
So have I sworn that I would not be wroth with thee,
nor rebuke thee.
For the mountains shall depart,
And the hills be removed;
But My kindness shall not depart from thee,
Neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed,'
Saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.

O thou afflicted,
Tossed with tempest, and not comforted,
Behold I will lay thy stones with fair colours,
And lay thy foundations with sapphires.
And I will make thy windows of agates,
And thy gates of carbuncles,
And all thy borders of pleasant stones.
And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord;
And great shall be the peace of thy children.

ISAIAH XXX-liv (A.V.)

Becket speaks at Canterbury

Does it seem strange to you that the angels should have announced Peace, when ceaselessly the world has been stricken with War and the fear of War? Does it seem to you that the angelic voices were mistaken, and that the promise was a disappointment and a cheat? Reflect now, how our Lord Himself spoke of Peace. He said to His disciples: 'My peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you.' Did He mean peace as we think of it: the Kingdom of England at peace with its neighbours, the barons at peace with the king, the householder counting over his peaceful gains, the swept

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hearth, his best wine for a friend at the table, his wife singing to the children? Those men His disciples knew no such things: they went forth to journey afar, to suffer by land and sea, to know torture, imprisonment, disappointment, to suffer death by martyrdom. What then did He mean? If you ask that, remember then that He said also: 'Not as the world gives, give I unto you.' So then, He gave to His disciples peace, but not peace as the world gives.

T. S. ELIOT. *Murder in the Cathedral*

Armour against Fate

I would always have a man be doing, and as much as in him lies, to extend and spin out the offices of life; and then let Death take me planting cabbages, but without careful thought of him and much less of my garden's not being finished . . . The body, when bowed beyond its natural spring of strength, has less force to support a burthen; and it is with the soul the same, and therefore it is that we are to raise her up firm and erect against the power of this adversary. For, as it is impossible she should ever be at rest or at peace within herself while she stands in fear of it, so if she once can assure herself against it, she may boast (which is a thing as it were above human condition) that it is impossible that disquiet, anxiety, or fear or any other disturbance should have any place in her. She is then become sovereign of all her lusts and passions, mistress of necessity, shame, poverty, and all the other injuries of fortune. Let us therefore, as many of us as can, get this advantage: this is the true and sovereign liberty here that fortifies us to defy violence and injustice and to contemn prisons and chains.

MONTAIGNE. *Essays*
(trans. C. Cotton, revised)

George Fox in Wales

(1657)

We went to Beaumaris, a town wherein John ap John had formerly been a preacher. After we had put up our horses at an inn, John went and spoke through the street; and there being a garrison in the town, they took him and put him in prison. The innkeeper's wife came and told me that the governor and magistrates were sending for me, to commit me to prison also. I told her they had done more than they could answer already, and had acted contrary to Christianity in imprisoning him for reprovng sin in their streets and gates, and for declaring the truth. Soon after came other friendly people, and told me if I went into the street they would imprison me also; therefore they desired me to keep within the inn. Upon this I was moved to go and walk up and down in the streets, and told the people what an uncivil, un-christian thing they had done in casting my friend into prison. And they being high professors, I asked them if this was the entertainment they had for strangers, and if they would willingly be so served themselves, and whether they, who looked upon the Scriptures to be their rule, had any example in them from Christ or His apostles for what they had done. So after a while they set John ap John at liberty.

Next day, being market day, we were to cross a great water; and, not far from the place where we were to take boat, many of the market people drew to us, amongst whom we had good service for the Lord, declaring the word of life and everlasting truth unto them, and declaring the day of the Lord amongst them, which was coming upon all wickedness; and directing them to the light of Christ, by which they might see all their sins, and by the same light may see Christ Jesus, who was come to save them, and lead them to God.

After the truth had been declared to them in the power of God, I bid John ap John get his horse into the boat, which was then ready. But a company of wild gentlemen, as they called them, got into it, whom we found very rude and far from gentleness; and they, with others, kept his horse out of the boat. I rode to the boat's side and spoke to them, showing them what unmanly and unchristian conduct it was; and told them they showed an unworthy spirit, below Christianity and humanity. As I spoke, I leaped my horse into the boat amongst them, thinking John's horse would have followed when he had seen mine go in before him; but the water being pretty deep, John could not get his horse into the boat. Wherefore I leaped out again on horseback into the water, and stayed with John on that side until the boat returned. There we tarried from eleven o'clock to two in the afternoon before the boat came to fetch us, and then had forty-two miles to ride that evening; and by the time we had paid for our passage we had but one groat left between us in money. We rode about sixteen miles, and then got a little hay for our horses.

Setting forward again, we came in the night to a little ale-house, where we thought to have stayed and baited. But finding we could have neither oats nor hay there, we travelled all night, and about five o'clock in the morning got to a place within six miles of Wrexham, where that day we met with many Friends and had a glorious meeting. . . .

The next day we passed from thence into Flintshire, sounding the day of the Lord through the towns, and came into Wrexham at night. Here many of the Floyd's people came to us, but they were rude and wild, and had little sense of truth; yet some were convinced in that town. Next morning, one called a lady sent for me, who kept a preacher in her house. I went to her house, but found both her and her preacher too light to receive the weighty things of God. In her lightness she came and asked me if she should cut my hair. I was

moved to reprove her, and bid her cut down the corruptions in herself with the sword of the Spirit of God. So after I had admonished her to be more grave and sober, we passed away. And afterwards she made her boast that she came behind me and cut off the curl of my hair, but she spoke falsely.

GEORGE FOX. *Journal*

The Hill Difficulty

About the midway to the top of the hill was a pleasant harbour, made by the Lord of the hill for the refreshing of weary travellers; thither, therefore, Christian got, where also he sat down to rest him. He at last fell into a slumber, and thence into a fast sleep, which detained him in that place until it was almost night. Now, as he was sleeping, there came one unto him and awakened him, saying, 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.' And with that Christian started up and sped him on his way, and went apace till he came to the top of the hill.

Now, when he was got up to the top of the hill, there came two men running to meet him again. The name of the one was Timorous and of the other Mistrust; to whom Christian said, 'Sirs, what's the matter? You run the wrong way.' Timorous answered that they were going to the City of Zion and had got up that difficult place. 'But,' said he, 'the further we go the more danger we meet with; wherefore we turned, and are going back again.'

'Yes,' said Mistrust, 'for just before us lie a couple of lions in the way, whether sleeping or waking we know not; and we could not think, if we came within reach, but they would presently pull us to pieces.'

Then said Christian, 'You make me afraid; but whither shall I fly to be safe? If I go back to mine own country, *that*

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is prepared for fire and brimstone, and I shall certainly perish there. If I can get to the Celestial City, I am sure to be in safety there. I must venture. I will yet go forward.'

So Mistrust and Timorous ran down the hill, and Christian went on his way. Yet before he got up the sun went down upon Christian; and this made him again recall the vanity of his sleeping to his remembrance. And thus he began to condole with himself: 'O thou sinful sleep! how for thy sake am I like to be benighted in my journey! I must walk without the sun; darkness must cover the path of my feet; and I must hear the noise of the doleful creatures, because of my sinful sleep.' Now also he remembered the story that Mistrust and Timorous told him of, how they were frightened with the sight of the lions. Then said Christian to himself again, 'These beasts range in the night for their prey; and if they should meet with me in the dark, how should I shift them? How should I escape by them being torn in pieces?' Thus he went on his way. But while he was thus bewailing his unhappy mis-carriage he lift up his eyes, and behold there was a very stately palace, the name of which was Beautiful; and it stood just by the highway side.

So I saw in my dream that he made haste and went forward, that if possible he might get lodging there. Now, before he had gone far, he entered into a very narrow passage, which was about a furlong off the porter's lodge; and looking very narrowly before him as he went, he espied two lions in the way. 'Now,' thought he, 'I see the dangers that Mistrust and Timorous were driven back by.' (The lions were chained, but he saw not the chains.) Then he was afraid, and thought also himself to go back after them; for he thought nothing but death was before him. But the porter at the lodge, whose name was Watchful, perceiving that Christian made a halt as if he would go back, cried unto him, saying, 'Fear not the lions, for they are chained, and are placed there for trial of faith where it is and for discovery of those that had

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none. Keep in the midst of the path, and no hurt shall come unto thee.'

Then I saw that he went on, trembling for fear of the lions, but taking good heed to the directions of the porter. He heard them roar, but they did him no harm.

BUNYAN. *The Pilgrim's Progress*
(abridged)

Epitaph for Pitt

Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill!

O think, how to his latest day,
When Death, just hovering, claimed his prey,
With Palinure's unaltered mood
Firm at his dangerous post he stood;
Each call for needful rest repelled,
With dying hand the rudder held,
Till in his fall with fateful sway
The steerage of the realm gave way!
Then, while on Britain's thousand plains
One unpolluted church remains,
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around
The bloody tocsin's maddening sound,
But still upon the hallowed day
Convoke the swains to praise and pray;
While faith and civil peace are dear,
Grace this cold marble with a tear,—
He who preserved them, PITT, lies here! . .

COURAGE

Here, where the end of earthly things
Lays heroes, patriots, bards and kings;
Where stiff the hand and still the tongue
Of those who fought and spoke and sung;
Here, where the fretted aisles prolong
The distant notes of holy song,
As if some angel spoke agen—
All peace on earth, good-will to men !

SIR WALTER SCOTT. *Marmion*

The Convalescent

How much more quickly does strength desert the human frame than return to it! I had become convalescent, it is true, but my state of feebleness was truly pitiable. I believe it is in that state that the most remarkable feature of human physiology frequently exhibits itself. Oh, how dare I mention the dark feeling of mysterious dread which comes over the mind and which the lamp of reason, though burning the while, is unable to dispel! Art thou, as leeches say, the concomitant of disease—the result of shattered nerves? Nay, rather the principle of woe itself, the fountainhead of all sorrow co-existent with man, whose influence he feels when yet unborn and whose workings he testifies with his earliest cries when ‘drowned in tears’ he first beholds the light; for, as the sparks fly upward, so is man born to trouble, and woe doth he bring with him into the world, even thyself, dark one, terrible one, causeless, unbegotten, without a father. Oh, how unfrequently dost thou break down the barriers which divide thee from the poor soul of man, and overcast its sunshine with thy gloomy shadow! In the brightest days of prosperity—in the midst of health and wealth—how sentient is the poor human creature of thy neighbourhood! how instinctively

aware that the flood-gates of horror may be cast open and the dark stream engulf him for ever and ever! Then it is not lawful for man to exclaim, 'Better that I had never been born!' Fool, for thyself thou wast not born, but to fulfil the inscrutable decrees of thy Creator; and how dost thou know that this dark principle is not, after all, thy best friend—that it is not that which tempers the whole mass of thy corruption? It may be, for what thou knowest, the mother of wisdom and of great works. It is the dread of the horror of the night that makes the pilgrim hasten on his way. When thou feelest it nigh let thy safety word be 'Onward.' If thou tarry, thou art overwhelmed. Courage! build great works—'tis urging thee—it is ever nearest the favourites of God.

GEORGE BORROW. *Lavengro*

Lessons from Life

1. *A Daily Task*

He has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear. I do not wish to put myself or any man into a theatrical position, or urge him to ape the courage of his comrade. Have the courage not to adopt another's courage. There is scope and cause and resistance enough for us in our proper work and circumstance. And there is no creed of an honest man, be he Christian, Turk, or Gentoo, which does not equally preach it. If you have no faith in beneficent power above you, but see only an adamant fate coiling its folds about nature and man, then reflect that the best use of fate is to teach us courage, if only because baseness cannot change the appointed event. If you accept your thoughts as inspiration from the Supreme Intelligence, obey them when they prescribe difficult duties, because they come only so long

as they are used; or, if your scepticism reaches to the last verge, and you have no confidence in any foreign mind, then be brave, because there is one good opinion which must always be of consequence to you, namely, your own.

2. *The Way into Nature*

The only way into nature is to enact our best insight. Instantly we are higher poets, and can speak a deeper law. Do what you know, and perception is converted into character, as islands and continents were built by invisible infusories, or, as these forest leaves absorb light, electricity, and volatile gases, and the gnarled oak to live a thousand years is the arrest and fixation of the most volatile and ethereal currents. The doctrine of this Supreme Presence is a cry of joy and exultation. Who shall dare to think he has come late into nature, or has missed anything excellent in the past, who seeth the admirable stars of possibility, and the yet untouched continent of hope glittering with all its mountains in the vast West? I praise with wonder this great reality, which seems to drown all things in the deluge of its light. What man seeing this, can lose it from his thoughts, or entertain a meaner subject? The entrance of this into his mind seems to be the birth of man. We cannot describe the natural history of the soul, but we know that it is divine. I cannot tell if these wonderful qualities which house to-day in this mortal frame, shall ever reassemble in equal activity in a similar frame, or whether they have had before a natural history like that of this body you see before you; but this one thing I know, that these qualities did not now begin to exist, cannot be sick with my sickness, nor buried in any grave; but that they circulate through the Universe: before the world was, they were. Nothing can bar them out, or shut them in, they penetrate the ocean and land, space and time, form and essence, and hold the key to universal nature. I draw from this faith

LESSONS FROM LIFE

courage and hope. All things are known to the soul. It is not to be surprised by any communication. Nothing can be greater than it. Let those fear and those fawn who will. The soul is in her native realm, and it is wider than space, older than time, wide as hope, rich as love. Pusillanimity and fear she refuses with a beautiful scorn: they are not for her who putteth on her coronation robes, and goes out through universal love to universal power.

- EMERSON. 1. *Society and Solitude*
2. *The Method of Nature*

The Light of Stars

The night is come, but not too soon;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love—
The star of love and dreams?
Oh, no! from that blue tent above
A hero's armour gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

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O star of strength! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light
But the cold light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars—

The star of the unconquered will—
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

Oh, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

LONGFELLOW

The Work we are In

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in . . . to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. *Second Inaugural Address*

FORTUNE AND HER WHEEL

Fortune and Her Wheel

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;
Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm, and cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;
For man is man and master of his fate.

Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

TENNYSON

The Old Adventurer

Old age hath yet his honour and his toil:
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds

COURAGE

To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are:
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

TENNYSON. *Ulysses*

The Dark Tower

Burningly it came on me all at once,
This was the place! those two hills on the right,
Crouched like two bulls locked horn in horn in fight;
While to the left, a tall scalped mountain . . . Dunce,
Dotard, a-dozing at the very nonce,
After a life spent training for the sight!

What in the midst lay but the Tower itself?
The round squat turret, blind as the fool's heart,
Built of brown stone, without a counterpart
In the whole world. The tempest's mocking elf
Points to the shipman thus the unseen shelf
He strikes on, only when the timbers start.

Not see? because of night perhaps?—why, day
Came back again for that! before it left,
The dying sunset kindled through a cleft:
The hills, like giants at a hunting, lay,
Chin upon hand, to see the game at bay,—
'Now stab and end the creature—to the heft!'

THE DARK TOWER

Not hear? when noise was everywhere! it tolled
Increasing like a bell. Names in my ears
Of all the lost adventurers my peers,—
How such a one was strong, and such was bold,
And such was fortunate, yet each of old
Lost, lost! one moment knelled the woe of years.

There they stood, ranged along the hill-sides, met
To view the last of me, a living frame
For one more picture! in a sheet of flame
I saw them and I knew them all. And yet
Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set,
And blew. '*Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came.*'

BROWNING. *Childe Roland*

On the Road in Germany

At peep of day Gerard rose, flung the feather bed upon his
snoring companion, and went in search of milk and air.

A cheerful voice hailed him in French: 'What ho! you are
up with the sun, comrade.'

'He rises betimes that lies in a dog's lair,' answered Gerard
crossly.

'Courage, l'ami! le diable est mort,' was the instant reply.
The soldier then told him his name was Denys, and he was
passing from Flushing to Zealand to the Duke's French
dominions; a change the more agreeable to him, as he should
revisit his native place and a host of pretty girls who had
wept at his departure, and should hear French spoken again.
'And who are you, and whither bound?'

'My name is Gerard, and I am going to Rome,' said the
more reserved Hollander, and in a way that invited no further
confidences.

'All the better; we will go together as far as Burgundy.'

'That is not my road.'

'All roads take to Rome.'

'Ay, but the shortest road thither is my way.'

'Well, then, it is I who must go out of my way a step for the sake of good company, for thy face likes me, and thou speakest French, or nearly.'

'There go two words to that bargain,' said Gerard coldly. 'I steer by proverbs too. They do put old heads on young men's shoulders. Bon loup mauvais compagnon, dit le brebis; and a soldier, they say, is near akin to a wolf.'

'They lie,' said Denys; 'besides, if he is, les loups ne se mangent pas entre eux.'

'Ay, but, sir soldier, I am not a wolf; and thou knowest, à bien petite occasion se saisit le loup du mouton.'

'Let us drop wolves and sheep, being men; my meaning is, that a good soldier never pillages—a comrade. Come, young man, too much suspicion becomes not your years. They who travel should learn to read faces; methinks you might see lealty in mine sith I have seen it in yourn. Is it yon fat purse at your girdle you fear for?' (Gerard turned pale.) 'Look hither!' and he undid his belt, and poured out of it a double handful of gold pieces, then returned them to their hiding-place. 'There's a hostage for you,' said he; 'carry you that, and let us be comrades,' and handed him his belt, gold and all.

Gerard stared. 'If I am over prudent, you have not enow.' But he flushed and looked pleased at the other's trust in him.

'Bah! I can read faces; and so must you, or you 'll never take your four bones safe to Rome.'

'Soldier, you would find me a dull companion, for my heart is very heavy,' said Gerard, yielding.

'I 'll cheer you, mon gars.'

'I think you would,' said Gerard sweetly; 'and sore need have I of a kindly voice in mine ear this day.'

'Oh! no soul is sad alongside me. I lift up their poor little

hearts with my consigne: Courage, tout le monde, le diable est mort. Ha! ha!’

‘So be it, then,’ said Gerard. ‘But take back your belt, for I could never trust by halves. We will go together as far as Rhine, and God go with us both!’

‘Amen!’ said Denys, and lifted his cap. ‘En avant!’
The pair trudged manfully on.

CHARLES READE. *The Gloister and the Hearth*

Safety and Sanity

Were I a fairy godfather, I should hesitate to take the gift of fear to a god-child’s cradle. I might take a little mild fear, and call it prudence. But I should take courage—courage that would remain unmoved though the heavens fell—as one of my three most precious gifts. I should say to the child as it grew up: ‘Dare to be a Daniel and don’t get your feet wet.’ I should say: ‘Model yourself on Savonarola and wrap yourself up well.’ I should say: ‘Live dangerously and mind the crossings.’ That, I suppose, is what age has always said to youth, and what it will always say. . . . It is as though we said: ‘Safety first, and don’t be afraid of death itself.’ This is one of the eternal paradoxes, and, absurd though it seems, it is perfect common sense. If we elaborate it, we know that it means only that safety in itself is preferable to danger, but that there are occasions on which it is better to face danger than to skulk in safety.

As philosophers we regard danger as a thing to be avoided rather than feared. We teach children to fear things only because that is the easiest way to teach them to avoid them. If we were wise and were made of the stuff of heroes, we should probably bring up children to avoid many things but to be afraid of nothing, and, if we were sure that they would live

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well, we should rejoice to see them living dangerously. In other words, if we could bestow on a child the gift of wisdom, we should also bestow on it the gift of courage. But how can we be sure that a child is wise, and who would bestow the gift of courage on a fool? There is nothing to be done with a fool except to try to make him afraid. How much pleasanter revolutions would have been if only the fools had not been so heroic! If none but the wise were brave, we should long ago have arrived at an earthly paradise. . .

A curious light is thrown on the whole problem by the fact that Johnson and Lamb, despite the torturing insanity of their fears, seem to us to-day two of the supremely sane figures in English literature—figures of a sanity that far surpasses that of most of the fearless men we know. We may explain this by the fact that, to balance their fears, they possessed courage and humour beyond what falls to the common lot. It looks as though it did not greatly matter that a man should experience the last extremity of fear, if he happens to be a hero and a humorist. He will suffer, but he will survive.

ROBERT LYND. *The Life of Fear*

William the Silent

He never followed the nation, but always led her in the path of duty and honour, and was much more prone to rebuke the vices than to pander to the passions of his hearers. He never failed to administer ample chastisement to parsimony, to jealousy, to insubordination, to intolerance, to infidelity, wherever it was due, nor feared to confront the States of the people in their most angry hours, and to tell them the truth to their faces. In the darkest hours of his country's trial, he affected a serenity which he was far from feeling, so that his apparent gaiety at momentous epochs was even censured by

WILLIAM THE SILENT

dullards, who could not comprehend its philosophy, nor applaud the flippancy of William the Silent.

He went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrows on his shoulders with a smiling face. Their name was the last word upon his lips, save the simple affirmative, with which the soldier who had been battling for the right all his lifetime, commended his soul in dying 'to his great captain, Christ.' The people were grateful and affectionate, for they trusted the character of their 'Father William,' and not all the clouds which calumny could collect ever dimmed to their eyes the radiance of that lofty mind to which they were accustomed, in their darkest calamities, to look for light. As long as he lived, he was the guiding-star of a brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets.

J. L. MOTLEY. *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*

Nil Desperandum

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
If may be, in yon smoke conceal'd,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

COURAGE

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward look—the land is bright!

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

The Rider on the Lion

‘Go back,’ Norah had said to him; ‘you have done all these things for yourself and you have been beaten to your knees—go back now and do something for others. You have been brave for yourself—be brave now for others.’

And he was going back. . . The storm was coming up apace. The wind had risen and was now rushing over the short stiff grass, bellowing out to meet the sea, blowing back to meet the clouds that raced behind the hill.

The sky was black with clouds. Peter could see the sand rising from the downs in a thin mist.

Peter flung himself upon his back. The first drops of rain fell, cold, upon his face. Then he heard:

‘Peter Westcott! Peter Westcott!’

‘I ’m here!’

‘What have you brought to us here?’

‘I have brought nothing.’

‘What have you to offer us?’

‘I can offer nothing.’

He got up from the ground and faced the wind. He put his back to the Giant’s Finger because of the force of the gale. The rain was coming down now in torrents.

He felt a great exultation surge through his body.

Then the Voice—not in the rain, nor the wind, nor the sea, but yet in all of these, and coming as it seemed from the very heart of the Hill, went swinging through the storm—

‘Have you cast *This* away, Peter Westcott?’

THE RIDER ON THE LION

'And this?'

'That also—'

'And this?'

'This also—?'

'And this?'

'I have flung this, too, away.'

'Have you anything now about you that you treasure?'

'I have nothing.'

'Friends, ties, ambitions?'

'They are all gone.'

Then out of the heart of the storm there came Voices:

'Blessed be Pain and Torment and every torture of the Body. . . Blessed be Plague and Pestilence and the Illness of Nations. . .

'Blessed be all Loss and the Failure of Friends and the Sacrifice of Love. . .

'Blessed be the Destruction of all Possessions, the Ruin of all Property, Fine Cities, and Great Palaces. . .

'Blessed be all Failure and the ruin of every Earthly Hope. . .

'Blessed be all Sorrows, Torments, Hardships, Endurances that demand Courage. . .

'Blessed be these things—for of these cometh the making of a Man. . .'

Peter, clinging to the Giant's Finger, staggered in the wind. The world was hidden now in a mist of rain. He was alone—and he was happy, happy, as he had never known happiness, in any time, before.

The rain lashed his face and his body. His clothes hung heavily about him.

He answered the storm:

'Make of me a man—to be afraid of nothing . . . to be ready for everything—Love, friendship, success . . . to take them if they come . . . to care nothing if these things are not for me——'

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‘Make me brave! Make me brave!’

He fancied that once more against the wall of sea-mist he saw tremendous, victorious, the Rider on the Lion. But now, for the first time, the Rider’s face was turned towards him—

And behold—he was the Rider!

SIR HUGH WALPOLE. *Fortitude*

Last Lines

No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world’s storm-troubled sphere:
I see Heaven’s glories shine,
And Faith shines equal, arming me from Fear.

O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity!
Life, that in me hast rest,
As I—Undying Life, have power in Thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men’s hearts, unutterably vain,
Worthless as withered weeds
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thy infinity,
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of Immortality.

With wide embracing love
Thy Spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates and rears.

LAST LINES

Though Earth and moon were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every Existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void:
Since Thou art Being and Breath,
And what *Thou* art may never be destroyed.

EMILY BRONTË

Epilogue

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away. And there was no more sea. And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying:

‘Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people; and God Himself shall be with them and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.’

And He that sat upon the throne said:

‘Behold, I make all things new. . .’

And there came unto me one of the seven angels which had the seven vials full of the seven last plagues, and talked with me, saying:

‘Come hither, I will show thee the bride, the Lamb’s wife.’

And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God. . . And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it and on either side of the river was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits and yielded her fruit every month. And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

Revelation xxi-xxii (A.V.)

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